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THE DIARY
OF
A DÉSENNUYÉE.

"L'expérience du monde brise le cœur, ou le bronze."—CHAMFORT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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DIARY
OF
A DÉSENNUYÉE.

CALAIS.—Another kingdom—another climate—another language—another people—everything changed but my simple, sorry self, and the change, already, how clearly demonstrated ! No mistaking the merry sunburned faces around me for those of sober-suited, care-worn England. Everything seems to have expanded ; the clouds sail higher—the houses are grown lofty—the courtyards wide. The streets appear angularized by the massive precision of stone architecture—the furniture, by a profusion of marble. In England the same objects crumble down into a lumpish, dilapidated state. With us nothing

seems to maintain its perpendicular but the character of the people.

Is it not owing to this absence of the grand that we have forced ourselves to become such devotees of the picturesque? My new friend, Miss Vinicombe, for instance, has the word perpetually in her mouth, and picturesquifies me out of all patience. During our *trajet* yesterday from the Tower stairs to Calais harbour, she amused us by reciting copious extracts from the diary of my sister journalist, the "*Ennuyée*;" a book I used to sigh over in my teens, but which, having survived the age of sentimentality, I turn from as sickly and affected. Mrs. Trollope has been said to survey men and things as through the window of a hackney-coach; the *Ennuyée* beholds them as through a picture-frame — nay, as through a claude-glass, or *camera obscura*; broad, open daylight is not admitted into her fanciful delineations. Her landscapes are taken from canvas rather than nature; her human beings are those of poets and novelists—not the strong-handed, strong-hearted struggles of daily life.

But the world is not merely a place of palaces, where pictures are hung up and statues niched, or where Beatrices and Juliets step daintily on pavements of marble. Sculpture and painting, poetry and romance, are things both beautiful and noble; but nobler still are the every-day workings of the human mind—the progress of nations—the civilization of mankind. A morbid elegance of soul, or refinement of the imagination, produces less poetical results than many a stern reality. Rubens's picture of the Massacre of the Innocents made the *Ennuyée* "sick," and lo! she cried aloud for an ounce of civet to sweeten her imagination. A mere copy of it made *me* weep—ay, even to suffocation!

My new companion, Miss Wilhelmina Vinicombe, is a votary of this super-sentimental school; but Clarence Delaval will soon laugh down her flights into matter of fact. She favoured us with a touch of Sterne at Dessein's Hotel; but we refused to hear the voice of the charmer, and affronted her into silence.

Off, or rather on, towards Brussels.—French

harness, French horses, French postillions, have been often quizzed by travelled gentlemen and travelling ladies ; yet, uncouth as they are, they seem better calculated for the *pavé* of these horrible roads, than the spruce *attelage* of Hounslow posters.

Expansion—still expansion ! One wide, vast plain (with the exception of the *monticule* at Cas-sel) from Calais to Lille ; fertile, well cultivated ; much flax, now cut and drying ; much tobacco, with its rich broad leaf ; and long avenues of lofty abele trees shading the road. A hard-featured but healthy-looking peasantry ; their bright and many-coloured garments cleaner than their hands and faces, just as *our* cotters are clean in their persons, and dirty and tattered in their attire.

This town or city of Lille professes to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of fortification ; and Miss Vinicombe has been dragging poor Clarence along the banks of a muddy canal, to peep after a citadel so ensconced by art and nature as to be visible only to angels and skylarks. For my part, I am overcome by the glare and dust of

yesterday's journey ; and Clarence has wisely suggested that, as the route from hence to Brussels is uninteresting, we shall profit by the moonlight, and set forth at ten o'clock to-night. Freshness and dew will be welcome indeed, after the villainous smells of two French towns, and the blaze of a September sun.

Hotel de Bellevue, Brussels. — I sadly fear the Vinicombe creature will prove a bore. Her extreme subservience made me fancy at first that I could dispose of her as I pleased ; but people sometimes acquire importance from their insignificance, and my companion is so infinitely little, that I am afraid of administering to her the lightest of those *coup de pattes* which I bestow unhesitatingly on Lady Cecilia. Last night, after having bribed our way through the frontier custom-house at Pont-à-Tressin, I felt secure from further interruption ; and, burying myself in my corner of the britschka, while Clarence mused in his, resigned myself to the rumination of sweet and bitter fancies ; but the Vinicombe seemed determined to make us the

confidants of hers!—Our moonlight journey excited the vagaries of her imagination, and every namby-pamby stanza indited, from the beginning of time, to the refulgent lamp of night, was quoted for our edification, in a tone of tenderness which might have sickened the post-horses.

Having elegized us into ill-humour, she began to skirmish through Marlborough's campaigns,—the scene of one of which we were traversing,—in a style of blueism wholly insupportable. I longed to silence her, but dreaded to inflict humiliation on a person evidently labouring in her vocation to afford me entertainment. At last she talked herself asleep; and, by the time we quitted Ath, nothing but Miss Vinicombe's snoring afforded interruption to our meditations.

This morning again she is so troublesomely officious, that my patience is almost at an end; and she has come forth so armed for conquest, that I dread to appear in public. Sight-seers ought to be scrupulously simple in their dress, to modify the ridicule attached to their attitude

of gaping wonder. I have half a mind that she should enjoy St. Gudule and the galleries by herself. *Mais à quoi bon ?* She will then inflict upon me, piecemeal at dinner, all the martyrdoms of Rubens. It did not occur to me that this literary *souffre-douleur* of mine—this living edition of the Ladies' Magazine—would prove so miserably *de trôp*. I have seen other women get on admirably with their *demoiselles de compagnie* ; perhaps they had a better capacity for being toadied.

What a stroke of good fortune, should I find at Spa some eligible dowager in want of a companion, to whom this tiresome woman might be persuaded to attach herself ! But there seems the old objection,—I am too young to travel alone with my still younger cousin. Is there, then, after all, *nothing* but a husband in whom one can find at once a safe and agreeable *compagnon de voyage* ?

It is very singular that the English papers, usually so officious on such occasions, make not the slightest allusion to Lord Hartsdon's approaching marriage. I suppose he has taken

care to keep them silent. I have received a short letter from Armine, and she, too, says not a word on the subject ; she has, in fact, no reason to suppose me interested in the matter.

What a curious air of courtliness in this little capital ! In London, one may pass a year or two without knowing it to be a royal residence. In Brussels, I defy you to spend an hour without noticing some shred or patch of regality—an aide-de-camp, with flaunting plume, dashing full speed along the park, or a court footman picking his way in silk stockings. You may even perceive a certain air of practicality in the way certain ladies sit stately in their gay open carriages, proclaiming as plainly as deportment can speak, “ *We* have the *entrées*—we are of the court.”

Even so the city itself tells of its destinies. The lower town, with its canals and fevers, is truly the capital of the Low Countries ; while the upper or Austrianized Brussels, inoculated with Parisianism by Napoleon, is joyous, airy, architectural, worthy to be the *chef-lieu* of the newest of kingdoms. “ *Au fait, tout cela n'est*

que province !" said little Alfred de la Vanguyon, whom I met this afternoon sauntering in the *Allée Verte*, on his way to Aix la Chapelle. To-night, he accompanied us to the theatre ; and Clarence will be the better for a companion of his own sex. With me, the poor boy feels privileged to indulge in tender reminiscences, that cannot but be injurious ; for though he chooses to fancy that the Clackmannans have given him hopes, his only chance, and that a poor one, lies in the constancy of his cousin. During his absence, the influence of her parents will resume its ascendancy with Lady Alicia ; and some fine day, Clarence will receive back his letters and lock of hair, and, about six months afterwards, learn from the newspapers, that the only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Clackmannan is about to be led to the hymeneal altar by Lord So and So. It is too much to expect strength of mind or heart from a girl of seventeen, the automaton of English exclusivism and the professed governess-system. It were as reasonable to look for scent and colour in a flower reared in the

darkness of a vault. Our Juliets, heaven bless them, are not those of Verona !

Clarence, who is just now almost as romantic as the Vinicombe, is anxious to skip our projected week at Spa, and fly at once to the Rhine, for a peep at "beauty lying in the lap of horror." But at Spa I am to find letters from Hollybridge, of which I cannot disappoint myself. Meanwhile he has done me good service by a private hint to Mademoiselle V. to spare her rhapsodies to-morrow, as we traverse the plain of Waterloo. Such subjects are sacred to *me* ! The heroic death of my father has been so deeply and painfully the subject of my contemplations, that I cannot trust myself to visit the details of a field of battle. Thoulouse and the forest of Soignies lie far apart ; but there are certain technical words and phrases inseparable from each, which have acquired a terrible importance in my ears. The events which at so early an age deprived me of both my parents, can never lose its importance. Of Waterloo, therefore, not a word !

Liege.—Two charming days on the banks of the Meuse have rendered me almost “*Ennuyée*”-ish ; and I have even consented to overlook the sin of a sonnet perpetrated on the occasion by the Vinicombe. Well might Napoleon prize the possession of these beautiful provinces, his tenacity of which broke off the preliminaries of the peace of Châtillon, his last chance of salvation. I was reminded of my own Staffordshire, and its silver Trent, of Colebrook Dale and the Severn ; but forced to render homage to the superior beauty of the Meuse, which the Vinicombe apostrophizes as the younger and fairer, but less noble, sister of the Rhine. *My* prejudices are strong in favour of *la cadette* : I admire her comely, thriving, prosperous face. The Meuse resembles the throbbing artery of an active kingdom. All around it is industry and movement ; and hard indeed must have been the exactions of King William, to have excited against a *roi industriel* the abhorrence of his industry-loving Belgian subjects. As the originator of their most thriving speculations, the memory of the Dutch prince will,

however, survive among their grand-children when the new dynasty shall, after the fashion of all dynasties, have taken its turn of unpopularity.

The Vinicombe insisted on visiting the old palace of the Prince Archbishop of Liege, for the purpose of inflicting "Quentin Durward" upon us, and Clarence has accordingly assigned her the *sobriquet* of "The Bore of Ardennes." Why did I not accept the companion so strongly recommended for me to Armine, by Lady Hartston? There was something in the sound of "an officer's widow" which gave me the impression of weeds, a memorial, and a thousand other dispiriting associations. I fancied Lady Hartston's protégée must be too prosy and rational. And now,—I am "sprighted with a fool—sprighted and angered worse!"

Spa.—What a cool, tranquil little valley, to have been polluted into a fashionable watering place, a stage of folly for the antics of the *beau monde* of universal Europe. How strange, this evening, after our secluded drive and the

rural sublimities of the Meuse, to fall suddenly upon a fashionable cavalcade of the Goslings and De Rawdons ; their high-mettled steeds of Hyde Park and Epsom exchanged for ponies of the Ardennes !—" Oh ! fashion ill-inhabited ! worse than Jove in a thatched house." Notwithstanding their protestations of having found Spa delightful, I am convinced they have been bored to extinction,—the face of joy with which Lord Hampton and Sir Jervis Hall recognized my carriage and welcomed Clarence Delaval, satisfied me that they were as glad of the sight of new faces, as if they had been performing quarantine. Such is usually the case at watering places. People flatter themselves they have been mightily amused by including in their own experience all the legendary entertainments of preceding years ; and come away, saying to all the world, as was said by all the world before them, that Leamington, Wiesbaden, or Carlsbad is the most delightful place on earth ; after having daily whispered to themselves during their *séjour*, that *last* season may have been pleasant enough, but

that in the present one they have been unfortunate,—“uncertain weather,”—“certain persons forcing themselves into society,” &c., &c. *Quant à moi*, I am glad I am come so late, I am glad I am going so soon: for, though the environs promise many a pastoral stroll and ride, the Rhine season is too far advanced to admit of loitering. The Gosling set, it seems, have established an exclusive English *table-d'hôte* at Spa, of which the device appears to be

*“Nul n'aura du Salmis,
Hors nous et nos amis;”*

and the general company, including Russians, Germans, French, and Belgians, of the highest rank, feel themselves exceedingly ill-used. The Goslingites pretend, on one hand, that people are free to form what conventions they please, in the hotel they occupy; the foreigners contend, on the other, that, by a proceeding so arrogant and so contrary to the spirit which dictates the customs of all foreign bathing-places, they have declared war against the community. All this is very English;—I shall be glad when we have seen the last of May Fair and its fooleries.

How provoking !—Lord Hampton and the De Rawdons set off for the Rhine on the same day with ourselves ; and, without a positive act of ungraciousness, I cannot negative their proposal that we should form a single party. Now, of all injudicious arrangements, one which tends to quarter a caravan of fastidious English people in an inferior continental inn, is the most absurd. We must not even venture to pause, unless where the accommodations are first-rate ; so adieu my hopes of smiling villages and rustic hamlets. When shall I ever become *really* mistress of my actions !

The Vinicombe, meanwhile, is enchanted ! Two men of fashion and a languishing ladyship fully counterbalance the probable evil of an insufficiency of beds and post-horses. I fancy she would offer to sleep with Lady Maria's poodle, rather than lose the accession to our party. Clarence wishes to remain here a few days longer with the Goslings, and is to rejoin me at Ems. I am persuaded his only object is to get rid of the De Rawdons.

Bonn.—Where is the beautiful Rhine—the picturesque Rhine—the river of lays and legends—odes, novels, and romances? As far as we have proceeded, the New River, or the Eanbrink Canal, would form quite as fair a mark for poetry; and, except the companions of my journey, never did I meet with any thing less interesting than its objects! I admit, however, that I am fairly ill with fretting. The letters I received at Spa afforded a climax to my vexations. Herbert and his wife take no pains to conceal their dissatisfaction at my sudden expedition; and, like the voices which attacked Princess Parizade on her mountain, call upon me loudly to return. They pretend that the palladium of my happiness exists in England, and that I am running after new misfortunes. Unluckily I do not and cannot defy augury; and Armine's adjurations have strongly affected my mind. Here, on the wide continent, I feel the want of a friend. Clarence is too young to obtain my confidence, the Vinicombe a mere *girouette*; and as to that worldliest of worldly

women whom my little cousin calls "*la femme au masque de fer*," Lady Maria de Rawdon, I should as soon dream of pouring my secrets into the Lion's Mouth of Venice as into her ear. By the way, it strikes me as singular that the Herberts so pointedly avoid all allusion to Hartston Abbey and its inhabitants? They give me a long uninteresting message from stupid Lady Tarrington, but not a word of the Hartstons.

How dispiriting is this chilly autumn weather; and how much more am I inclined for a quiet fire-side, than for sight-seeking with a set of listless, supercilious companions! Such an outcry after shawls, cloaks, boas, dressing-boxes, and Mademoiselle Angélique, as was raised by Lady Maria de Rawdon the moment we arrived at Aix la Chapelle; such exclamations of horror at the lugubriousness of the vast tapestry-hung apartments provided for us at the hotel of the Black Eagle! It was in vain the courier assured her they had been occupied by Prince Metternich during the Congress. Miss Vinicombe was close at the ear of Eve with pedantic protes-

tations that they had been more likely occupied by Anne of Cleves, when painted by Holbein as the bride of Henry VIII.

Nothing but the necessity for an immediate toilet previous to setting forth, as she would have done at Cheltenham or Bath, to visit "the rooms" and springs, could pacify her fastidious ladyship; while I, whose head was running upon Charlemagne and his Paladius, apprehended only that the romantic Wilhelmina might propose to bear me company to the Cathedral and Stadt Haus, instead of devoting herself to fashion and the De Rawdons. But I might have spared my fears. Miss Vinicombe readily accepted Lady Maria's invitation to Burscheid; and I should have perhaps enjoyed the satisfaction of performing my pilgrimage alone, had not Lord Hampton expressed himself curious to have a look into the "rum old church."

"And pray who the devil was 'CAROLO MAGNO?'" inquired his Lordship of the valet-de-place, when we reached the centre of the nave and stood beside that celebrated grave

which even Napoleon is said to have contemplated with awe. "Charles the Great? Oh! ah! yes!—I recollect,—*Robertson's Charles V.*"

The patriarch of chivalry seemed to hold no place in Lord Hampton's memory, or he might, perhaps, (who knows?) have apostrophized him as *Lucien Buonaparte's Charlemagne*. At the Hotel-de-Ville, erected on the foundations of the palace in which the Emperor of Romance beheld the light, we were shown a picture commemorating the first Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and containing portraits of the diplomats assembled to parcel out Europe into new kingdoms.

"*Voilà,*" said the valet-de-place, "*le portrait du représentant d'Angleterre.*"

"*Et qui donc?*"

"*Le Chevalier Robinson.*"

"Crusoe,—no doubt," was Lord Hampton's facetious rejoinder. "*Et qui, diable, nous a représenté au second?*"

"*Monseigneur le Duc de Vilainton, Electeur d'Angleterre,*" replied the man, *not* facetiously, but in sober earnest. And he drew us away

from the congress-chamber, to exhibit a monument, now alas ! historical,—the *studio* in which Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his fine portraits for the gallery of our Prince Regent.

“So you have been rubbish-hunting in the old church ; what on earth did you find there to amuse you ?” inquired Captain De Rawdon, when at the close of the day we met over a most Germanic dinner of *chevreuil*, with stewed apricots, pancakes, and *carpes du Rhin*.

“All sorts of things,” was Lord Hampton’s comprehensive reply. “In the first place, a pair of bronze doors, through the lions’ noses of which, Satan, in proper person, is said to have thrust his fingers—the doors, being much finer, by the way, than the *grille* which our friend Stanhope bought for Elvaston. Then, Charlymain’s hunting-horn,—a deused sight cleverer than Goosey’s or Dufresne’s *cornet-à-piston*. The old Sacristan refused, however, to show us the chemise of the Virgin Mary, and a whole lot of other reliques, without an order from the King of Prussia, or the Archbishop of Amsterdam, or heaven above knows who.”

"The chemise of the Virgin! No doubt of stout Irish linen?"

"Can't say. I only know that it is eight feet long; and that in former times, two hundred thousand pilgrims a day used to come and do it homage."

"I wonder if we could possibly procure an order? It would be capital fun to see the reliques," said Captain De Rawdon.

"Could we not make the attempt, my dear Lady Maria?" added the Vinicombe, in a deprecating voice.

"We shall see the same sort of thing at Cologne, and we have all the churches and reliques of Italy before us!" replied her impassive ladyship. "What can be the use of loitering at Aix-la-Chapelle? Do, pray, let us get on."

On, therefore, we proceeded to Cologne the following morning; Cologne, which, in spite of its dozen churches and one unique cathedral, struck me as the most abject of God's cities. All we read of its swarming monks and beggars of the olden time, all we see of its narrow

filthy streets of to-day, sufficiently accounts for the whereabouts of Jean Maria Farina's invention—stupidly attributed by naturalists to the vicinage of the seven mountains, and those varieties of aromatic herbage, some leagues further on the opposite bank of the Rhine. In such cases as the creation of eau de Cologne, the nose is better authority than either ears or eyes.

I proposed setting forward in a single party, for the labour of sight-seeing: being anxious to economize the Vinicombe, lest peradventure Lady Maria should discover her capacities as a bore, before the great object is achieved of having her seduced away from me, to accompany her new patroness into Italy. After having attended, *en masse*, a mass at the military church of St. Geryon, admired the eleven thousand skulls of St. Ursula's virgins, and the three of the magi or kings of Cologne, the gorgeous chest of reliques and the *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens (the Crucifixion of St. Peter, which made Lord Hampton fancy he was standing on his head), we had unluckily little time left us to devote to

the interior of that unrivalled monument of the Gothic architecture, the *Dom Kirch*. We were told that the King of Prussia is taking steps towards its completion. He can do nothing better towards the establishment of his popularity in his Rhenish dominions; which, having endured the fate of most frontier countries, a complexity of masters, are at present sadly to seek in the virtue of loyalty. The Prussian territories, however, look bright and orderly to the eye of a traveller; highly groomed, highly bitted, and highly managed, like a well-kept charger.

Lady Maria still entreating that we might "get on," we proceeded, to sleep at Bonn; where we were threatened by the Vinicombe with a visit from Professor A. W. Von Schlegel, whom the friendship of Madame de Staël once endowed with the reputation of a great man, but whose trivial adoration of his own gingerbread barony, and crosses, great and small, has proved him to be a little one. The Vinicombe, who made his acquaintance at some Skinnerial tiger-feed, when the Baron was lionizing in London,

luckily cast her shadow before in a *billet-doux* from Aix-la-Chapelle, announcing her visit to the vicinity of Bonn ; and the Baron, so far sage and discriminating, pleads a *migraine* in apology for absence without leave.

Andernach.—We should have pushed forward last night at once to Godesberg, but that Lord Hampton is obstinately opposed to all measures suggested by Mrs. Trollope ; in consequence of which, we have now taken up our rest for the night in the curious but humble little post-town of Andernach.

On our arrival at a small inn called the “Lily,” we received the agreeable intelligence that the two best beds were engaged for a Milor Anglais, likely to arrive at midnight ; but it was too late to what Lady Maria calls “get on ;” and the care of our courier had already done wonders for our accommodation. But, alas ! what *more* than wonders are exacted by a detachment of superfine English travellers, with their supra-superfine lady’s maids, and valets-de-chambre ! Lady Maria’s Mademoiselle Angé-

lique was calling for orange-flower water—my sober waiting-maid for tea and toast; while their mistresses grew impatient for the opening of imperials and cap-boxes, and their masters grumbled over the prospects of dinner, as if their only object in a town on the Rhine had been to eat and drink exactly as they are accustomed to eat and drink in Paris and London.

After an excellent *mittag*, or mid-day meal, *à la mode Allemande*, eaten at seven o'clock, we were still bewailing over prospective and retrospective ills,—Lord H. and Captain de R. engaged in a *partie d'écarté*, — Lady Maria (who, like the Princess *Mauseline la Sérieuse*, *voyage pour lire*,) dozing over the pages of “*Léoni*,” —and Miss Wilhelmina Vinicombe making tea for us from a kettle that looked as if purloined from one of the pictures of Ostade;—when the flourish of a post-horn was heard, accompanied by the roll of a well-hung English carriage, and followed by volleys of English oaths, such as I have heard when cutting into the line, on a crowded Saturday-night, at the Opera.

“What is the matter below? Who the deuse is arrived?” inquired Lord Hampton of his valet, who soon afterwards come to complain that he could only get three basins and four water-jugs for his Lordship’s dressing-room.

“Noting is de matter, milor. Only de *chef* and own man of de Marquis of Lestershir’; de chef, vot is come to cook milor’s supper and quarrel wid de old laty of de house; and de own gentleman of milor, wot do not find a bed fit for eem, and is gone op to de oder inn.”

“Only a valet and a cook—yet so difficult? What insolence!” ejaculated the Vinicombe with much disdain.

“You misapply your articles, my dear Miss Vinicombe,” observed Captain de Rawdon. “You are right in saying a valet, but it is *the* cook of Lord Leicestershire. Since poor Carême doffed the white night-cap, Leicestershire’s cook has been the first in Europe; he it was who invented the famous *bastions de faisans aux morelles*, and immortalized himself by his *gateaux à la Castebré*. No matter if the valet slept in

the hen-roost; but I would give up my own bed to secure an *entrée* really dressed by Grillade."

"Oh! *that* completely alters the case," observed Miss Vinicombe; "I was not aware it was Grillade."

"But what a bore for us and our tour," interrupted Lady Maria, "if Lord Leicestershire pursues the same route, and every where forestals the best accommodations? I would rather give up the Rhine altogether."

"And I."

"And I."

"And I," echoed the others, after the fashion of the courtiers in Fleur d'Epine.

"We might surely loiter a day at Andernach," said I, "and give Lord Leicestershire the start of us."

"Charming suggestion!" ejaculated the Vinicombe. "It is the dearest wish of my heart to visit the establishment of the Herrnhütters, at Neuwied. We might cross the Rhine by the *pont tournant*."

"The establishment of the Heronhunters?"

cried Lord Hampton. "Who the deuse are they?"

"The Moravians," said I, anxious to avoid one of my companion's displays of erudition.

"The Moravians? do they embroider as well as those in England? Then by all means let us go," cried Lady Maria, throwing aside Madame Dudevant's romance, "on to Neuwied directly after breakfast, and so escape this tiresome selfish Lord Leicestershire and his cook for the rest of the journey."

Femme propose, Dieu dispose !

On the morrow, after a tiresome discontented breakfast, we traversed the river to visit the sober-suited establishment of the Protestant monastery. But though we flattered ourselves we had lost much time among the embroidery-stalls of the sisters, and glove-shops of the brothers, the day seemed determined not to be got rid of. It proved to be only two o'clock when it ought to have been four; and the sole resource of our *ennui* was to call into council a sort of half-witted cicerone, or *valet-de-place*;

the only slave of the household of the Lily who had not been dazzled out of our service, the preceding night, by the diamond studs of the cook of the Marquis of Leicestershire.

Herr Birtsch had happily an alternative for our despair. We might either visit the menagerie of stuffed Brazilian beasts, collected in his travels by Prince Maximilian, of Wied; or drive over the hills above Andernach, towards a mysterious something among the mountains, which, as well as we could interpret his French-German or German-French, was, would, could, should, or might have been a *volcano*!

“A volcano?” exclaimed the Vinicombe.

“A volcano?”

“A volcano?”

“A volcano?”

“A volcano?” re-echoed the rest of our party, dismissing all further consideration for the stuffed beasts of Prince Maximilian, as unworthy the notice of Fellows of the Zoological; while Birtsch, profiting by our enthusiasm, hurried us back to the “Lily,” packed us into two crazy German sociables, drawn by still

crazier steeds; and away we rumbled over the sand hills, by roads which compelled all but indolent Lady Maria to betake themselves to their mother earth for safety. The Vinicombe and Herr Birtsch were soon busy in collecting specimens of lava, and the light vitrified substance of which is composed the famous *trass* or cement of Andernach; while I was equally delighted by some exquisite forest scenery,—groves of fine beeches, carpeted with wild pinks, of a bright crimson colour. Still we ascended and ascended; while the crazy carriages and Lady Maria rumbled and grumbled at a distance; till at length we emerged on a noble platform, commanding a view of the Eisel Mountains.

“My dearest, dearest Mrs. Delaval! admire, I beseech you, the beautiful valley at our feet!” cried Miss Vinicombe, ecstasified. “Yonder lovely little lake, amid its green meadows, resembles a sapphire set in emeralds!”

And now was the moment for Cicerone Birtsch to inform us that, according to the theory of Professor Forster, the Lake of Laach, on

which we were gazing, occupies the crater of an extinct volcano ; that its sands were attractable by the loadstone, that no fish live in its waters, and that the fissure of an adjacent rock gives out carbonic acid gas, like the Neapolitan *grotta del cane*.

Our ignorance was enlightened, our curiosity roused ; but other appetites were awakened in their turn.

“ All this is very well ! ” yawned Lord Hampton, “ but it is getting monstrous late, and we are monstrous tired, and monstrous hungry. By Jove, we shall never get back to Andernach by day-light.”

“ By day-light ?—no, nor for two hours after dark,” was Birtsch’s undaunted reply. “ Those sands are the *teufel*, and the poor horses already dead-knocked up.”

“ Then what the deuse did you mean by bringing us along such roads ? ” cried Captain de Rawdon.

“ You wished to pass away the morning—you wished to see the basaltic rocks and the volcano.”

"But we did not wish to pass away the evening, and what can we see in the dark?"

"Scarcely your own hand, for there is no moon," replied the phlegmatic Birtsch.

"Attempt those horrible roads again in the dark?" faintly ejaculated Lady Maria, who was now leaning from the calèche to join our council of war. "Quite out of the question! my limbs are already dislocated. I was most rash in suffering myself to be decoyed into so hair-brained an expedition. And this is called seeing the Rhine!"

"You rascal, what are you grinning at?" cried Captain de Rawdon, touching the traitor Birtsch on the shoulder with his whip.

"Only at this good lady," replied the man, pointing to Miss Vinicombe, "who is simple enough to inquire whether the old Kloster, down yonder on the borders of the lake, is a *chateau*! Ho! ho! a *chateau*!"

"You say, then, that the magnificent structure is a convent?" persisted the Vinicombe.

"The greater part of the building is a ruin," replied Birtsch; "burnt by the troops of the

French Directory, under Custine. The rest is inhabited by the farmer."

"What farmer?" cried Lady Maria, peevishly.

"Did you never hear of my cousin, Farmer Anschutz? Why, he accommodates a power of English ladies and gentlemen, who come to see the Rhine."

"Accommodates!" cried Lord Hampton—"with what—how—where?"

"With dinner, supper, beds—all the usual accommodations sought by travellers. Farmer Anschutz has often a good bit of venison in his larder, and always a good bottle of Rhine wine or Moselle in his cellar."

"The devil he has; then by heavens we will sup with Farmer Anschutz," cried De Rawdon, turning to the rest of the party for approval.

"How enchanting to pass the night in a ruined monastery!" cried Miss Vinicombe.

"Any where rather than on the sand hills," sighed Lady Maria.

'We might despatch this fellow with the

carriage back to Andernach for our dressing-boxes," added Lord Hampton.

"And for Angélique and our night-things."

"Our night-things, I entreat, but no Angélique, dearest Lady Maria," interrupted Miss Wilhelmina. "Mrs. Delaval is independent of all service; permit me, therefore, for once to officiate as your *camériste*."

"Well, well, all *that* can be settled *à-bas*," cried Lord Hampton, hungry and cross; and, following his advice and the guidance of Birtsch, we found ourselves, a quarter of an hour afterwards, welcomed by Farmer Anschutz into one of the spacious courts of the old monastery. The house was amply stocked with provisions, and the stoves were already lighted in a fine old suite of rooms formerly occupied by the Superior of the convent, and latterly by a noble family of Coblenz; and I am convinced the whole scheme was pre-organized by the traitor Birtsch, who probably despatched a foot-passenger across the mountains to forewarn his kinsman, as soon as he had succeeded in starting us from Andernach at so unseemly an hour.

We were, on the whole, better accommodated than at any inn since we left Brussels. Before dinner was over, our luggage (including M^{lle} Angélique) made its appearance. The adventure amused us; and, in the delight of her soul, the fair Wilhelmina forgave our preceding barbarity in having refused to favour her with a day or night in "Nonnenwerder's cloister pale," lest she should overwhelm us with the "brave Roland," Campbell, Schiller, Byron, and Mrs. Arkwright.

This morning, at an early hour, we quitted our romantic retreat—the lake of Laach with its blue waters, and the convent with its white walls, glittering beautifully in the sunshine; and, guided by the cunning Birtsch, returned to Andernach, and from Andernach "got on" to Coblenz by dinner-time.

Coblenz.—This morning, while visiting Ehrenbreitstein, whose wall, no longer "shattered," has forfeited all its Byronic interest, I had the joy of hearing Miss Wilhelmina Vinicombe begged of me, by Lady Maria, to be her henchwoman.

The plan had been settled between them during our night adventure at the Laachen monastery; and when the Vinicombe coaxingly entreated my forgiveness for having seized upon an occasion so golden to one devoted like herself to the cultivation of the fine arts, as that of visiting the sunny climes of Italy, I was all magnanimity. My consent and benediction on the petitioners were speedily bestowed; and here, at Coblenz, we part; for I have promised to join Clarence Delaval at Emma, in order to have a glimpse of the beautiful Duchy of Nassau, while the De Rawdons, *et cetera*, are to *dampschiff* it up the Rhine to Mayence.

Rejoiced as I am to get rid of them, I almost regret that I shall lose the sight of Lady Maria's ineffable disdains in the steam-boat, and her care to separate herself from the *olla podrida* of human nature likely to be brought betwixt the wind and her nobility, on its narrow deck. The rhapsodies of Wilhelmina, too, on finding herself actually embarked upon the exulting and abounding river, would have been worth hearing: "*Mais enfin, je leur ai fait mes adieux!*"

Emmsbaden.—Happy, thrice happy, that broad-clothed moiety of the human species; which finds itself

—— “free to rove,”

free and unquestioned through the wilds and tames of the world, seeking amusement wherever it is to be found—by stage-coach, *malleposte*, *eil-wagen*, steam-packet, ferry-boat, or *table d'hôte*—unaccountable to that brocaded Cinderella, that sifter of diamond dust, Madam Etiquette—untrammelled by the galling harness of ropes, the scrutiny of the vulgar. A woman is like a schoolboy's pet, tortured by constant care. She must not set her foot there—she must not be exposed to contact here; she must step upon roses, not upon the common earth. She must not inhale the ordinary atmosphere, but be an ambrosia-fed, feeble, shrieveless, helpless dawdle, in order to merit the epithet of “feminine.” Like the Strasburg goose, whose morbid merit consists in being all *foie-gras*, she must be “all heart,” “a creature of the affections,” sans sense, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

The distinctions of my caste, for instance,

have compelled me to travel *en grande dame* with the De Rawdons, fancying my comfort or my price affected by the superior appointments of a Lord Leicestershire, and pining after gunpowder tea and pine-apple ice; while Clarence Delaval, who met me here on my arrival, has been roughing it to his heart's content, and visiting a thousand interesting spots, a thousand curious monuments, calculated to leave an indelible impression on his mind. I allow something for the love-lorn shepherd's mood of enthusiasm, but envy him, meanwhile, the independence of his tour.

This bathing-village of Emms stands in a lovely valley on the Lahn; still higher on whose banks, we have this morning visited the fine old ruined Castles of Nassau and Stein. But it is too late to proceed to Schwalbach and Schlangenbad. What an absurd mistake on the part of English fashionables, who love to loiter in London till the first day of grouse-shooting gives a signal for the general clearance, to fancy that foreign bathing-places are within scope of their enjoyment! Of these, the season begins, like that of

London, in May, and ends (somewhat later) in the beginning of September. After that period, you find only a few Russians and an English family or so, mere birds of passage. The apartments have no stoves or fire-places, the beds no curtains. All at Emms is prepared for summer scene and season; the bands of music have now departed city-ward; the tents and awnings are furled, the fancy shops closed, and their divers-costumed tenants are vanished. To-morrow, therefore, we, too, depart through Coblenz towards the Rheingau, lest we should hazard the loss of this fine weather on the Rhine. We set forth under happier auspices than from Aix-la-Chapelle. The De Rawdons have escaped Lord Leicestershire; I, the Vinicombe and *them*; and I have entered into a covenant with Clarence not to mention Alicia Spottiswoode's name above twenty times in the twenty-four hours. The pleasantest part of our tour is luckily before us.

Frankfort.—Oh! Seged, King of Ethiopia, how little have succeeding generations profited by thy sad experience! How often and how

sanguinely have I anticipated the spectacle of the Rheingau with its vintage—the Rhine-rocks with their castellated ruins—the gravestones of departed despotism; and, behold, three days ago, I reached, in full exultation, the confines of my promised land! But, lo! no sooner did I gain sight of the towers of Marksburg, than down came a heavy mist—a drizzling rain—an incessant rain—a hopeless rain;—till, like the hero of Coleridge's tragedy, we began to exclaim,

“Drip,—drip,—drip,—
There's nothing here but dripping.”

Neither Sternfels nor Lichtenstein—Bacharach nor the Pfalz—the Lurleyberg nor the Mänse-Thurm could we obtain a glimpse of! It rained throughout the night we slept at Bingen; it rained throughout the night we slept at Mayence. We departed for Wiesbaden in the rain; visited, in the rain, the deserted Kursaal; listened, under an umbrella, to the bubbling of the springs; gave up in despair an excursion to the palace of Biberich; submitted to the nutmeg-gratishness of a bath encrusted with the

sulphureous deposit of the Wiesbaden waters ; set off at length in the rain for Frankfort ; and at Frankfort (still in the rain) are we arrived.

“ It may seem an impertinence on the part of English people to

“ D—n the climate and complain of spleen,”

said Clarence, as we took up our desolate abode in the hotel de Russie, “ but when did one ever experience in England such a detestable month of September !”

We managed, however, to spend last night a tolerably agreeable hour at the theatre ; in the box of KOCH the courteous, British consul, and banker to the British. Frankfort has an excellent orchestra, but the theatre is plain, and the audience plainer. I discerned, and fancied I even “ nosed in the lobby,” symptoms of the synagogue ; but the scatterings of Israel constituted, at all events, the best-looking portion of the spectators. The opera was Paer’s “ Sargines, or the Pupil of Love ;” a fine fat pupil, a fubsy girl thrust into boy’s clothes, much resembling Mrs. Charles K. at five-and-forty, in the part of the “ Blind Boy.”

The fine arts are much cultivated in this money-making city. It has a fine gallery of pictures, bequeathed by a rich banker to the public; and to-day we visited Bethmann's collection, containing Danneker's far-famed Ariadne—which strikes me as a manifest plagiarism from one of the most beautiful frescos found at Herculaneum—a nymph reclining on the back of a monster, to the lips of which she presents a patera, supposed to be allegorical of "Hope nourishing a chimera."

Heidelberg.—I forgave the weather for splashing and miring us in the streets of Darmstadt and Mannheim; for what was to be seen in either, saving the quaint courtliness one fancies to oneself in childhood, of those cities in fairy-tales, where "Once upon a time there lived a king and queen?" But here,—here within view of a ruined castle, the last strong-hold of chivalry, and, judging from the little I can discern, a spot worthy to have been the original stage of "Love's Labour Lost," with its fanciful prince and princesses, and still more fanciful

clowns, I cannot forgive the sun for playing me false. But, alas! as I look upwards to the castle, it is enveloped in a Scottish mist; while the swollen Neckar wears a sullen lead-colour complexion below. Nothing under a web-footed fowl could venture forth to explore the half-deluged earth; and having wasted twenty-four hours here in patience and haze, nothing remains but to be off to Carlsruhe, where we have less to excite expectation, and, consequently, less to disappoint us.

7th Oct., *Baden Baden*.—And here, then, at last I complete the German portion of my unlucky tour; and such is *my* melancholy edition of an “Autumn on the Rhine!” *Are* travels such as these, worthy the cost and labour bestowed on them; and is not mine a type of most fashionable excursions? Every spring, about the idle time of the Easter holidays, and every autumn, at about the yawning season of country visits, Messrs. * * * * and * * * * put forth certain charlatanic volumes, head and tail-pieced with foreign wonders, to decoy one

into perusal and imitation.—“Six weeks on the Danube.” “A Peep at the Carpathian Mountains.” “The Rhine Re-visited;” or “The Brunnens of Nassau.” The stay-at-homes are enraptured! Forgetting that the tourist who astonishes them with written pictures and painted philosophy, is probably some individual released from professional labours or domestic drudgery, sent forth with twice his usual allotment of pleasure-money in his pocket, to enjoy himself for a season;—some individual who, under the same excitement, would have found as much to say of Greenwich Park, or Richmond Hill;—they resolve to peep, in their turn, at the Carpathians—dampschiff it up the Rhine—or seek inspiration in the Brunnens of Nassau!

Blasés with the enjoyments of a brilliant existence, they set languidly forth, oppressed by the comforts and conveniences provided for their journey. But, after the efforts of their own French cook, the *cuisine* of inns and table d'hôtes disgusts them. Their courier takes care to secure them against piquant adventures, —the way before them is made as straight

and safe as from London to York, and traversed as rapidly as foreign post-horses can be made to trot. They see nothing, they hear nothing, they understand nothing, — nothing is considered worthy their sublime notice. On arriving in a town they are told that, “*Il n’y a absolument rien qui mérite l’attention de milor ;*” or, “*Miladi n’aura que le temps pour faire son petit repas. D’ailleurs il n’y a rien de curieux dans ce petit bourgade.*” And away go my lord and my lady, satisfied in their conscience that the book-maker, who promised so much, was an impostor. “But, then, what better can be expected of those literary men?” For my part, were I to describe the Rhine according to my own perceptions, I should write myself down an ass, and the tour a *pèlerinage de pas perdus*.

More people are left at Baden than we found remaining at any other German bathing-place; and, full or deserted, the beauty of the spot is truly a sufficient attraction. I have engaged comfortable apartments for a fortnight; for change of climate, or unchangeability of melancholy thoughts, has rendered me really ill. I

must rest—I must recruit my spirits; Clarence is going on an excursion through the Black Forest to Stutgardt, while I remain here; and, on his return, we shall set forth together to Paris.

The first persons I met on my arrival, were Sir Henry Andover and his aunt, Lady Sarah, near relatives of the De Rawdons, who assure me that during her *séjour* here, Lady Maria seemed enchanted with her new companion. Sir Henry has introduced me to a pleasant little coterie, among whom are the Comte and Comtesse de Nivelles, Parisians loitering away their autumn till the gay season of Paris commences. Princess Dragonitski, the decayed beauty and diplomatist, who, having figured as Ambassadress at half the courts in Europe, fancies she has held half the sovereigns in Europe, like a pouncet-box, betwixt her forefinger and thumb; and Mrs. Algernon Carrington, a woman who appears to have been born “*bored*,” and experienced since only modifications of the sensation, having a husband too enamoured of mysteries to speak above his

breath. They are all *de très bonne compagnie*; and, during Clarence's absence, I shall find them a resource. Lady Sarah has made a party (nothing seems to be done here without making a party) to introduce me to the Black Forest, and the Castle of Eberstein; but I feel ill and weary, and shall, if possible, decline the exertion.

Letters from England—letters from Wardencliff and Hollybridge:—all well—all disagreeable. Lady Cecilia blames herself, and, by implication, me, for having suffered Clarence to quit England; and my sister's letters are still more vexatious. Some one, it seems, has written home to some one (who has made it his business to acquaint Herbert with the report), that “the gay widow, Mrs. Delaval, is dashing about at all the German bathing-places, *tête-à-tête* with a dandy young gentleman, whom she calls her cousin; having packed off her companion as soon as she reached the continent.” This “some one” is evidently a lady's maid in correspondence with her associates of the steward's room, and if she had said *splashing*

instead of *dashing* with respect to my rainy excursion to Wiesbaden, I would have forgiven her ! The Herberts, however, take the thing in earnest, and express themselves much concerned that I should have laid myself open to such observation ; blaming me severely for having sanctioned the Vinicombe's departure. My selection of her they admit was injudicious, but, having so chosen, I ought to have abided by my choice ; that is, I ought to have rendered my tour a matter of penance. These reports were mentioned in the first instance at a dinner party at Hartston Abbey, where they produced universal surprise. This is the first time Armine has condescended to allude to her favourite neighbours since my departure from England ; and even now not a word of Lord Hartston's marriage—not a word of the bride ! Perhaps my sister imagines the subject likely to mortify me—to give me pain ? She is mistaken ! Nothing can exceed my indifference towards the family. Not, indeed, that I am gratified to find myself exposed to their animadversions. I do not wish old Lady Hartston, or any other

respectable person, to believe me so careless of self-respect as to be travelling alone on the continent with "a young gentleman whom I call a cousin." But to explain the affair would be an unnecessary derogation. Let them, in short, say and think what they will, it will only be adding a shade of criminality to the faults and follies already so unjustly imputed to me. I must try to become callous to the opinion of the world.

But my health is, alas! declining under these contrarieties. As I was sitting this morning sad and silent over my *café au lait*, in came the Carringtons. After the usual civilities, Mr. C. whispered to his wife, with a most portentous visage, that they had better retire.

"Why retire?"

"Do you not perceive," said he in the same lugubrious whisper, "that something has occurred—that——"

"Has any thing occurred?" said Mrs. Carrington, addressing me in a tone of frankness extremely distressing to her husband.

"Nothing, I assure you. But I do not find

the air of Baden agree with me,—I am not very well.”

“ You are perfectly well, I assure you,—you are only horridly bored,” replied Mrs. C. ; “ Baden is a place that bores *me* to extermination ; but Algernon is fond of it because so many diplomatists come here *pour se délasser*. I was bored here even when the place was full and gay ; what must *you* be now there is scarcely any one left ? ”

“ I cannot attribute my illness to ennui. Recollect that I have been but two days in the place.”

“ Quite enough.”

“ I have been making the tour of the Rhine.”

“ The tour of the Rhine ! No wonder you are bored ! Bad inns—bad dinners—beds too short—bills too long—pursued by the filthy fumes of tobacco from Cologne to Mayence, and dislocating your neck by staring up out of the carriage windows at castles not in the air, but in the clouds. I know not a more surpassing bore ! ”

“With respect to the castles——”

“And then the vintage, which sounds so poetically in one of Neukomm’s songs or Lockhart’s novels! What does one really see of the vintage? A set of blear-eyed, dirty old women in linsey-woolsey petticoats, hobbling down the muddy *côtes* with wooden hods on their backs, looking like the pails they carry to English pigs, and containing a filthy-looking mash resembling what English pigs are made to feed on! They took me into the vineyards at Rüdesheim and Hochheim, to see this dainty operation;—never was so bored in my life!”

“Frankfort seems to be a fine city.”

“The week we passed there was very boring.”

“Yet, I assure you, Mrs. Delaval,” interrupted her husband, in a low, significant voice, “there were no fewer than three reigning princes incog. in the hotel where we lodged, and the King of Wirtemberg was expected. It was a singular coincidence; something must have been in the wind, but we could never make it out. Princess Dragonitski says——”

“Oh! pray don’t repeat that boring woman’s dogmatics! Princess Dragonitski prosed about those duodecimo German princees as if they were indebted to her for their thrones, and as if a dozen of them were equal in importance to her groom of the chambers. The woman has been buying and selling politics so long, that she talks of them in the jargon of a grocer’s wife in treating of her teas and sugars. She looks upon courts and ministers as mere commodities. — Princess Dragonitski is a regular bore.”

“My dear Jane!” remonstrated her husband, “recollect yourself; recollect the influence of the Princess. You are really most indiscreet.”

“Do not be uneasy about her influence, as regards *me*!” said Mrs. Carrington, laughing. “She never condescends to exercise it over anything within two thousand miles of her. No doubt it is just now working a revolution in Mingrelia, or displacing a minister in Peking, or perhaps manœuvring to get an article inserted in the Baltimore Evening Post. Believe me, there is nothing and nobody in Baden who

would provoke a scratch of Princess Dragonitski's pen, or a curl of her lip."

At this moment the Princess herself glided smilingly and gracefully into the room, and expressed so much interest about my *air abattu*, that I was soon enlisted among her partisans. The Nivelles entering immediately afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington, in pity to the size of my *salon*, took their leave.

Princess Dragonitski immediately accosted the Count de Nivelles with her usual inquiry for news, although, as I anticipated, the latest he had to communicate was stale to *her* eight and forty hours ago. She knows everything, yet still goes on asking, and stopping the reply upon your lips with — "Yes, — I know — I know!" Between knowing and guessing, she is, in fact, too acute for ordinary conversation; and her interest in the trivial topics of Baden is so manifestly assumed, that her very civility becomes humiliating.

"*There goes a woman*," said the Count de Nivelles, when in her turn the Princess quitted the

room, leaving her character behind, "who is, in reality, as much 'bored' among us as the little Carrington pretends to be. The little Carrington has been, in fact, enchanted here, from finding herself a personage at Baden, though overlooked in London and at Paris; but it is her *métier* to be *ennuyée*; and, to do her justice, the expression of her languishing blue eyes is vastly charming when she pronounces herself 'bored to extinction.' The Dragonitski, on the contrary, who cares for nothing beneath the rank of a king or kaiser, (I humbly beg her pardon—I mean the *premier ministre* of a king or kaiser,) is only apprehensive lest we should discover how cheap, how very cheap, how dog-cheap, how dirt-cheap, she holds us! I, for my part, maintain some trifling value in her estimation, because my wife is grand-niece to the Minister of War! I cannot promise you that she will think as much of Mrs. Delaval."

Heigho! I am already tired of these people! I am already what Mrs. Carrington calls "*bored*;"—I, who can scarcely remember

feeling *ennuyée* during my whole exile at Ballyshumua ! I certainly *must* be ill—I can hold out no longer !

November 14th.—A whole month without inscribing a line in my Diary ! Ill, and actually in danger, and at Baden, without a creature remaining in the place, except a few sad, consumptive souls, whose bodies are evidently predestined to mingle with its dust. The attack of fever from which I have been suffering, (the result, they say, of change of climate and diet ; but they say so in utter ignorance of the moral influence of the real origin of all) has left me so wretchedly weak, that the mere spectacle of these miserable individuals crawling up and down the promenade under my windows disturbs me ; and the moment I am strong enough to set forth on my way to Paris—*en route* ! The Nivelles, who went yesterday, have ordered rooms for me at Strasburg and Nancy.

I was so overcome, indeed, by the severity of my illness, that I could not interest myself as at any other period in the tidings from England,

which awaited Clarence on his return here from Stutgardt; not, indeed, that the poor fellow saw any cause for rejoicing in the news that his father had got him appointed *attaché* at Vienna, instead of allowing him to pass the winter at Paris. But he obeyed with a tolerable grace, and I have already received letters announcing his safe arrival, his presentation to the Emperor, and a determination to be as merry and wise under his tribulations as circumstances will allow. I am sorry to lose my agreeable *compagnon de voyage*, but I feel that his father has judged rightly. Fortunately, I have a great many friends about to spend the carnival in Paris.

NANCY.—How brightly beams this gay wood-fire after the stoves of Germany, which produce upon one the effect of living in company with a person blind! The people here seem courteous and animated, after the living lumber by which I have lately been surrounded. Welcome—welcome, light-hearted France!

FONTAINEBLEAU.—I have deviated from my road for a peep at this fine old historical palace, fraught with reminiscences of *le roi des preux*, and the “*adieux de Napoleon.*” To-morrow afternoon I shall be in Paris, among new people and new pleasures; and the excitement of expectation seems to have effaced all remembrance of my tedious illness. I expect to find there despatches from England, containing letters of introduction from the Delavals and Lady Southam, which will be the means of procuring me agreeable society for the winter.

Once more, then, I am on the threshold of a strange city! To a poor weak woman, the approach to Paris is more exciting than even the approach to London; for London is the city of business,—Paris of pleasure; London the emporium of sense,—Paris of nonsense; London a wood of thriving timber,—Paris a garden of ever-varying flowers. London is the mighty throne whence the world is legislated,—Paris the graceful temple whence it is civilized. London is the stern and helmeted Pallas,—

Paris the many-hued Iris. London is, in short, the capital for men, and Paris for women !

There we live, and move, and have a being worthy to be so called. There we still exercise an influence in society. There we are not only allowed to talk, but still strangers are earnestly called upon to listen. There, if I am to believe a thousand travelled, men and women, we exercise the prerogative which, during the last century, rendered the reign of Louis XV. a reign of *cotillons*, and conducted the husband of Marie Antoinette to the scaffold.

Paris is, *par excellence*, moreover, the fountain-head of fashion. When a well-dressed woman enters a London ball-room, it is instantly asserted that she receives from Paris all the appliances and means which render her irresistible ;—her *coiffeur* arrives from Paris every spring, and her shoes are forwarded by Melnotte in the despatch-bag. Have you a pretty piece of trinketry on your table, or a handsome vase on your chimney-piece, every admiring visiter is sure to observe, “ It is evidently Parisian.”

No one presumes to wear an artificial flower manufactured elsewhere than in the Rue de Richelieu, or to appear in a hat which has not *le cachet d'Herbault*.

And now I am at length arrived at this El Dorado of frivolity and fancy. The modes I used to receive with such glee in London, I shall now snatch fresh from the mint; and whereas universal Europe derives her cooks, milliners, and dancing-masters from this land of taste, I shall probably, for the first time, hail the perfection of *la cuisine et les graces*. (In grateful remembrance of George Hanton, I yield precedence to the *casserole*!)

For some time to come, however, I will eat, drink, dress, and be merry, without committing to paper the commentations of my wondering ignorance. Let me be fairly *orientée*, before I presume to tell myself what *I* think of *la grande nation*, which thinks so much of itself. Coleridge observes, that Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder, dirty and despicable singly, but tremendous in the mass; now, as I happen highly to estimate a few separate grains, such

as little Vauguyon and Monsieur de Nivelles, I may perhaps also reverse the philosopher's opinion, and despise the million.

* * * * *

Paris, December 27th, Rue de Rivoli.—I promised and vowed, on the day of my arrival, that I would not commit to inscription a single observation till I had rubbed off my newness by a month's residence in this gay busy town. It is the custom to say that first impressions are the truest. Certainly *not*, as regards the phases of society in a strange country, where one is obliged to trust largely to the exposition of others. In Paris, for instance, more than in any place I ever visited, people see with the eyes of their *clique*; and political events have tended to create so many, and of such antipodal qualities, that little reliance is to be placed on such blind guides.

Par exemple !—After despatching various letters of introduction, which I had received from England, the two first visits I received were from the young Countesse de Mérimville, daughter to one of Napoleon's *parvenu* generals,

wife to a member of the present royal household; and the Marquise de Bretonvilliers, an ultra of the Faubourg St. Germain, descended from one of those beatific holy Roman-Empire families, whose letters of nobility are dated from the ark.

First came my pretty Countess, all grace and gaiety, instructing me in the measures to be taken to secure a private presentation at the Tuileries; which, thanks to my poor father's former intimacy with Louis Philippe, will, I find, be easily accomplished.

"You would otherwise," said Madame de Merinville, "have been obliged to wait for the *cohue* of the first of January; when all your countrywomen who can command a satin gown thrust themselves into the palace, so as to render the ceremony of presentation most tedious to their majesties—most unsatisfactory to the better kind of English—and all for the satisfaction of figuring afterwards at our mob-balls of four thousand nobodies, given as a sugar-plum to the National Guard, and to promote the interests of trade. The *petits-bals de la cour* you will find a quite different affair; and even

now, at the Queen's weekly receptions, you will see *tout ce qu'il-y-a de mieux de la société.*"

"With the exception, of course, of the Carlists?" I observed, inconsiderately.

"The Carlists?" cried Madame de Merinville, laughing immoderately. "*Mais c'est de l'histoire ancienne!* Who talks of the Carlists now? They are as old as the *Ligue!* We have with *us* all those worth gaining over. You will even see in the Queen's circle several of the set called exclusively *les dames du petit château* in the time of Madame. As for the rest, they remain *faisant la moue* in their lumbering old hotels of the Faubourg; some, because the court does not think it worth while to buy them above their value; others, because they are still uncertain whether the present order of things is permanent."

"You will not allow them the honours of martyrdom!" said I.

"I have never esteemed the Carlists since that unlucky affair of Madame de Lucchesi-Palli;" she replied. "They were so indulgent to her *foiblesse*—so fierce against her

marriage. They forgave her the child (even were it the offspring of a valet)—they have not yet forgiven her a *mésalliance*."

"Yet the family of Lucchesi-Palli is one of the noblest in Sicily?"

"The mother of Henri V. ought not to have espoused a subject. *Du reste*, it provokes them beyond measure, that not a disparaging word can be said of our court of to-day. The domestic virtues of the King and Queen, the elegance and propriety of the Princesses, the distinguished air of the young Princes, the high character of the various members of the household, are obstacles they cannot get over. Since the reign of Napoleon (the most magnificent since the days of Louis XIV.) never was the court of France so brilliant as now. So many distinguished foreigners of all nations pass the winter in Paris: the troubles of Spain and Portugal—the cholera in Italy—the tyranny of St. Petersburg—the fogs of the Thames—secure us all that is illustrious and wealthy in Europe. *Enfin*, you will see and judge for yourself; and, with the court and

corps diplomatique, you will have quite enough to occupy *your engagements*."

Next arrives my *Marquise*; not half so well dressed—not half so *rayonnante*—not half so gifted with the ease that places others at their ease; but endowed with a certain half-formal air of high-breeding, highly characteristic of the *grande dame*. She began with polite inquiries after my health, my journey, and the health and happiness of Lady Southam, from whom I had received my introduction to her acquaintance, and ended with a polite offer to present me to the whole of hers. Nothing could exceed her regret that I should have lodged myself in so detestable a quarter as the Rue de Rivoli.

I ventured a few apologetic words in favour of its cheerfulness, its atmosphere, its central position. "I find myself," said I, "in the neighbourhood of all my friends."

"Yes; I believe the English lodge principally in this noisy trading quarter," she replied. "The sound of the omnibuses from morning till night would distract *us* who are accustomed to hotels, *entre cour et jardin*. But

I fancy in London you have no courtyards? You accustom yourselves at an early age to the rumbling of carts and coaches ! ”

I explained the advantage produced by our vaulted streets, and the area interposing between the vibration of the carriage-way and the foundation of our houses.

“ True,—you have a subterranean story,—your servants inhabit vaults; every country has its peculiarities. They sleep, too, poor creatures, I am told, under the leads? Quite Venetian!—condemned to the *pozzi* and the *piombi*! In France, on the contrary, we are very careful of our domestics. Most of them are retainers, born on our lands, who remain with us till they are past service. I am alluding, of course, to the good old families; not to the *canaille* of the present day, who are apprehensive of speaking to their domestics, lest they should happen to find a cousin in their *frotteur*.”

To change the conversation, I described the pleasure I had experienced the preceding night in witnessing the performance of Madame Volnys,—so great a favourite in England.

“ It is no longer the custom here to frequent *les petits spectacles*,” said she, coldly. “ Even at the Français I have been obliged to give up my box, *depuis qu'on nous a donné du Hugo!* The only place where a person can with propriety be seen, is *Les Bouffes*.”

“ I have been so fortunate as to secure a very good box there,” said I.

“ For which night ? ”

“ The Saturdays.”

“ That was wrong. Saturday is peculiarly the English night ;—because several of our best houses in the faubourg *receive*. You will meet no one of society at the Italian Opera on Saturday nights.

“ I have at present for Saturdays only the parties of Madame R—,” said I ; “ and I believe they occur but once a fortnight.”

“ The parties of *whom?* ” cried the Marchioness, aghast.

“ At the Hôtel de Ville,” I replied, fancying I had improperly pronounced the name of the *Préfet de la Seine*.

“ But you do not actually purpose to descend

to such society as *that?*” exclaimed Madame de Bretonvilliers. “ I beseech you, have a care !— A first mistaken step in Paris is ir retrievable !— Once seen, for instance, among those people at the Tuileries, and you are lost ! We forgive the Ambassadors and her family, because, from her official position, the derogation is unavoidable. But with others we are obliged to be rigorous; such is the motive which, with few exceptions, excludes the English from good society. Your nation is unfortunate. Two of the most glaringly ill-formed circles here are those of two English ladies who have degraded themselves by marriages with wealthy *parvenus*.”

I ventured to observe that I had heard the houses to which she alluded spoken of as two of the most brilliant in Paris.

“ For those who estimate brilliancy by the number of bougies in the lustres,” she replied, scornfully. “ But such a mixture !— The remnants of the empire,—the nameless nothings of the Revolution of July ;—artists,—men of letters,—heaven knows what !—There are the Dukes and Duchesses of This and That, who dare

not even be announced by their Twelfth-Night titles in presence of the Ambassadors of Austria and Russia,—to whose sovereigns the fiefs, whose honours they have assumed, of right belong.”

“ I fancied,” said I—growing bolder as I became amused by her bigotry, “ that many of the ancient families of France had ceded now, as in the time of the Emperor, to the force of the tide; and were to be met with even in the circle of their Majesties ? ”

“ In the circle of *Louis Philippe* ? Yes ! at all periods of political history there will be found renegades and apostates. But, of the very few of the *ancien régime*, who have degraded themselves by joining the new order of things, a few are decrepit peers of France in their dotage, who think it their duty to make their bow to the throne, let who will be seated there ; others are indigent parents of large families who have sons to provide for,—and a few,—giddy young people, who flock to the sound of a *violon*, or a *cor-de-chasse*,—boys who cannot give up the hunting parties of the Duke of Orleans, or

frivolous women who have been cajoled by his attentions."

"The address of the two elder Princes was much admired in England," said I. "I remember one night at a party at our minister, Lord G——', seeing the Duke of Orleans back out of the room, after taking leave of one of our royal Princes, with a grace that would have done honour to Louis XIV."

"The young man has not quite lost the good air he acquired in the *salons* of Charles X.," observed the prejudiced Marchioness. "But *we* think better of the Duke of Nemours; he is said to be a legitimist at heart. The princesses, I believe, are worthy young women, *un peu bourgeoises*, but perfectly well-conducted."

Having engaged me to attend her weekly *réceptions*, the Marchioness curtsied with the most formidable politeness, and ceremoniously withdrew. The disgust with which I doubtless inspired her must have been sadly increased by meeting in my antechamber Madame Lemaitre wife of one of the first bankers in Paris, on whose house I have letters of credit.

Madame Lemaitre is neither so young as my pretty little courtieress, nor so old as my ultra, but just at the age when a Frenchwoman, mis-doubting her attractions, begins to rely upon the merits of her toilet, and acquires a certain restless gaiety of assumed youthfulness. I found her very voluble, full of pet phrases, and a code of fashionability founded on the influence of her gorgeous hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, her boxes at all the theatres, her diamonds and pearls, her carriages and horses, and maîtres d'hôtel, and chasseurs, and villa at Bellevue. She had the air of a London fine lady *manquée*, for her splendour did not sit easily. She threw open her pelisse of magnificent sable only to display the exquisite cachemire dress worn beneath.

Overwhelming me with civility, she invited me to a dinner on Sunday next, gave me her box at the French opera for the new ballet, and insisted on obtaining me invitations to the balls of Mesdames This, That, and the Other, names better known, I suspect, at the Bourse, than to the Almanach of Saxe Gotha. I shall go to *all*, for I want to acquaint myself with this new

world, and am not afraid, like poor Madame de Bretonvilliers, of committing myself.

And now, having written so much of people, a word or two of things. In this city, where so much is vast and splendid, so much mean and barbarous, I am constantly startled by incongruities. One finds, to be sure, the "*pierre précieuse*," but, like the diamond in the fable, it is found "*en grattant le fumier*." There is great elegance and great coarseness, much magnificence and much shabbiness. The palaces, the public buildings, many of the private hotels, are noble and nobly situated; but, with few exceptions, the streets are so narrow, dirty, and disgusting, that the lanes of our own city would gain by comparison. The ill-kept, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated staircases, in common to a dozen families, render it disagreeable to pay visits or to go shopping, for most of the superior *magazins* are established without show on a first, second, third, or even fourth story; indeed, in many commercial streets, the best apartments are on the second floor, on account of the deficiency of light

and air beneath. The houses in the Place Vendôme are among the finest in Paris, but grand and incommodious ; those of the Rue de Provence quarter the most convenient ; those of the Faubourg St. Honoré and Ville l'Evêque, with their charming gardens, the most agreeable ; and those of the fine dull old streets of the Faubourg St. Germain the most spacious, aristocratic, gloomy, and, it is said, unwholesome. At the present season, there is little morning movement in the streets ; few carriages but those of foreigners and official people are stirring. After dinner commence the visits, the *spectacles*, the parties, when all is vivacity and noise. The higher orders have not the habit of what they call "*courir*," like the shop-hunting English. They have not much money to throw away ; and, with the exception of the banking, stock-broking set, which represents the *fermiers généraux* of former days, do not seem fond of baubles. It is only just now, when they are purchasing their *étrennes* for the first of January, that they display the passion for knick-knacks we are apt to

attribute to the French. But as, according to the adage,

“ The children of Holland take pleasure in making,
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking ;”

I believe their *bijouterie* and *nouveautés* are chiefly manufactured for the foreign markets. Of this I am certain, that there is not a shop in Paris which displays a fourth part of the collection I have seen exhibited at Howell and James's. By the way, I must observe, that the banker's wife alone talked “*toilette*” to me. Madame Lemaître was urgent in recommending me to place myself in the hands of such and such tradespeople, and seemed to think my salvation or my gentility must depend on being dressed by Palmyre, Herbault, Fossin, Edouard, Nattier, and Melnotte. Madame de Mérinville said nothing on the subject ; from the force of custom, *she* fancied it impossible that any others could be employed ; while Madame de Bretonvilliers was silent, from feeling self-assured that *no femme comme il faut* can possibly appear ill-dressed.

— Just returned from my presentation ; a far less formal affair than I expected. I am charmed with the King and Queen—the Queen most, though the former spoke to me of my father with tears in his eyes. The princesses have the air of well-bred, well-born English girls ; the princes I had seen in London. We sat round a circular table, and the time seemed less tedious than is usual in a royal circle. I am now privileged to attend the weekly receptions at the Tuileries ; but on Tuesday and Wednesday next will be the grand annual *réceptions*, at which every one makes it a point to pay his compliments to the royal family.

Sunday.—To-day, my dinner at my banker's—a far more solemn festival than my *début* at the Tuileries ! At six, and precisely,—for I find the French exact to a minute in keeping engagements,—I was ushered through a throng of ill-looking servants in new, ill-made livery, through a fine suite of rooms to a *salon* hung with white and gold, with massive gold fringes. Monsieur Lemaître, who met me at the door,

led me, bowing at every step, to his lady, occupying a *fautueil* in the place of honour. Several guests were already collected; among those who immediately followed, I distinguished the names of three of the ministers and their wives; and in a few minutes folding-doors were thrown open, and a solemn-looking *maître d'hôtel* whispered—" *Madame est servie.*" There was nothing of that horrible before-dinner pause—that chasm to be filled up with small-talk—so invariably produced in London by the want of punctuality of unpolite guests, or an unaccomplished cook; and, our places at table being pointed out by a written card in each plate, no confusion arose in taking our seats. I was placed between the master of the house and one of the most eminent of the ministers—a little, under-bred, common-looking man, far better calculated to shine in the *chambre* than the *salon*. The conversation he addressed to *me* was so diluted to what he supposed the level of my understanding, that I would rather he had talked exclusively to his opposite neighbour, one of the greatest capitalists in France, to whom his discourse was of

railroads—railroads—railroads; and the *gigantesque* of his views on this gigantic topic highly entertained me. The dinner was splendid, much like those of Merioneth House, with the exception that there was no fine buffet of family plate, and that the *dessus-de-table* or *plateau*, which occupies the whole length of a French dinner-table, was merely of *or-moulu* and crystal. The service was long, formal, and tiresome, every dish, even to the most trifling *hors d'œuvre*, being carefully served round in succession to the eighteen guests before the ceremony was concluded. Champagne was not introduced till dessert; yet its aid was not wanting, as in England, to enliven the party. Everybody talked incessantly; nor did I once hear that ominous clatter of knives and forks, which has often betrayed to me the dulness of my own dinner-table. During dinner, a single glass of sherry, and weak Bourdeaux and water, seemed the beverages in favour; at dessert, Champagne and Tokay. The French of the present day are singularly temperate; and a lady seen to drink a glass of pure wine, or a second glass of

champagne, would be unkindly thought of. At the conclusion of dessert, we were handed by the gentlemen to the drawing-room, coffee having been already served; and in a few minutes the carriages of the ministers were announced, and the solemn affair was over. In my ignorance, I had not ordered my carriage till ten o'clock; but Madame Lemaître, perceiving my embarrassment, good-naturedly proposed that I should accompany her to her sister, Madame Fournier's, the wife of a rich *receveur-général*, who has music every Sunday evening. There I found the Grisi, the venerable Grisini, Tamburini, Rubini, and, above all, the great *maestro*, Rossini himself, the idol of all these financial people. The wittiness for which he was long celebrated is said, indeed, to be in some degree obscured by the excellence of their dinners and suppers; they have crammed him into dulness. Madame Fournier's music was exquisite; her society, I suspect, so-so. The women were over-dressed and affected; the men, "*des fashionables*," a bad imitation of English dandies, and decidedly the least admir-

able class of *la jeune France*. The ineffability of an Englishman of fashion, with his five, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand a year,—his valets, and villas, and travelling-carriages, and hunting-boxes,—is comparatively a consistent folly. From Eton to Almack's he is pampered into the languid, supercilious inanity which dozes through a London season, after the labours of its moors, its Melton, and its steeple-chases. Not so these pseudo-"*fashionables*" of the Café Tortoni; with their two or three hundred per annum, *pour tout potage*, their lives must consist of an alternation of *luxure et indigence*. We know that their black satin fronts and collars were invented for economical purposes, and that they are miserably lodged and fed, to enable them to perform their daily lounge in the Bois de Boulogne on a tolerable horse, and secure a weekly *stalle* at the Opera. Their finery is a hollow affair.

January 1st.—This is no weather for sight-seeing; I have therefore deferred my visits to the wonders of the metropolis till a milder season;

and, being at Rome, am doing as Romans do. *Le jour de l'an!*—three inches of snow and forty thousand people,—nay, I should think, twice as many,—in the streets. To-day everybody calls upon everybody; millions of visiting cards are dispersed by people who make it their business to undertake the circulation; and, for once in its life, all the world is generous. During the last week, the toy-shops of Giroux, *la Porte Chinoise*, and the Palais Royal, have presented a perpetual stream of customers; and it would be a curious task to compute the amount of money expended from Christmas to new-year's day, in the purchase of sugar-plums and gew-gaws equally useless. *N'importe!*—the whole city is in movement; no business—no care. Every face wears a smile, for the French possess beyond all people the art of disencumbering themselves at will of the troubles of life; they put aside their vexations for a day, as they would a hat or a cloak; while we English, labour as we will, find it impossible to pluck out *every* thorn from our sides on even the most exciting occasion: hence our care-worn aspect.

Life sits heavily upon us; we are a grave, considering people, deeply impressed with our moral responsibilities.

2nd.—Last night the ministers, *corps diplomatique*, and public bodies, were received at court, *pour souhaiter la bonne année à leurs Majestés*. To-night it has been *our* turn, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the state-rooms in full splendour. I can imagine nothing more regally royal. The grand staircase and *salle des maréchaux* dazzlingly white, and radiantly illuminated, are worth a whole parish of Pimlico palaces!

The receptions here are very differently managed from our drawing-rooms. The ladies attending are placed, as they happen to arrive, along the whole range of state apartments; the royal family, entering from the *petits appartemens*, address themselves in succession to each, pursuing the long line till they return again, hoarse and fatigued, to the point from whence they started. First appears the King, attended by his *état major*, preceded by the aide-de-camp in waiting, who names every lady to his Majesty.

To each, the King addresses, with obsequious courtesy, some common-place remark, and passes on. Next comes the Queen, for whom the same ceremonial is observed by her lady of honour : after her, Madame Adelaide ; then the two charming Princesses ; lastly, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. You hear nothing but the iteration of the same *barren* phrases :—" I hope you are not inconvenienced by the heat."—" Have you been long in Paris ?"—" Do you make a prolonged stay in France ?" Towards myself, and those with whom the royal family are personally acquainted, a greater degree of familiarity is exhibited ; but there is something of kindness, of *bienveillance*, of *bonté*, in the demeanour of the Queen, imparting value to her most trifling compliments.

I accompanied Madame de Méroville to the reception, who pointed out with pride the representatives of many of the first houses in France ; would I could have shown *her*, in return, a more desirable display of my country-people ! In addition to the fifty or sixty who did us honour, there were several hundreds who could ground

no pretension to appear there upon previous presentation at our own court, and among them several decidedly and notoriously inadmissible. This arises from want of due importance being invested in the English ambassadress. No English gentleman can be presented to the King, except by his ambassador; no English lady *ought* to obtain access to the Queen, unless under the sanction of her ambassadress. At present applications are made direct to the *dame d'honneur*, and immediately granted. Invitations follow, and England becomes most unworthily represented at the court of the Tuileries.

To procure access to the British Embassy, on the contrary, it is indispensable, to produce a sufficient letter of recommendation. Mine, which was from Lady Southam, secured me a kind reception, an immediate invitation to dinner, and a general one to the Friday evening parties.

French families, who have the *entrée*, maintain their privilege of coming uninvited whenever the ambassadress receives company; but

very few Carlists visit the embassy ; not from deficiency of regard or respect towards its occupants ; but because they are apprehensive of meeting certain ministerial and political *notabilités*, with whom they do not choose to come in contact.

Next in importance is the *salon* of the Austrian Ambassadress, the personal friend of our own, and one of the most amiable and graceful women of the day.

3rd.—To-night I made my *début* in the circle of Madame de Bretonvilliers ; and am still shivering at the recollection ! The great gloomy court-yard in the Rue de Grenade, the dark damp stair-cause, the stifling garlic-scented ante-chamber, the ill-lighted rooms, the formal assemblage, were not compensated by the vastness of the antiquated saloons, and that magniloquent nomenclature of the guests. No young people, the ladies scarcely even in *demie-toilette*, muffled in bonnets and shawls—and coldness and formality enough to have frozen a salamander. I was presented to several duchesses whose titles are histo-

rical, and who, by their appearance, may have figured in the *Fronde*. But I suspect there was a vapour of the Tuileries clinging to my garments, for they eyed me most contemptuously. We had two Boston tables and a “*wisk*,” *eau sucrée* and weak syrup and water were handed round by way of refreshment; the candles seemed to burn dim; the lofty saloon was as hazy as one of our great theatres in the month of November; a sensation of ague seemed creeping over me. Dinner invitations, from the Bretonvilliers, are as much out of the question as to the table of his holiness. The people of his *caste* are *supposed* to dine, but the fact has never been proved to foreigners by ocular demonstration.

We are apt to fancy in England that every great French family has its Ude; whereas none but the ambassadors, ministers, or great bankers, affect to give dinners, or even keep a *chef*. There was only Rothschild, in all Paris, who could venture upon Carême!

Just returned from a brilliant ball *chez le ministre de* —. These ministerial fêtes are considered far from select, but my eye is not yet

sufficiently familiar with the surface of French society to detect the fault. The house, an official residence, was noble, and nobly lighted; the orchestra admirable; and the whole thing faultlessly arranged. A French ball-room presents a more orderly aspect than ours. The ladies are seated side by side round the room, generally in a double row; and no gentleman would dream of usurping a place among them; the seats are occupied by the same persons throughout the evening; when they dance, a handkerchief or bouquet is left to engage the place. The room has, consequently, the appearance of being lined with beautiful women, who are led out to dance, then re-conducted to their seats. There is no wandering up and down, no pushing to get in here or out there, as in an English party, whereon the demon of restlessness appears to have set his seal. Our ladies fair are, in fact, too fond of lounging about on the arms of men, to whom they are comparatively strangers, to stare at this beauty, laugh at that quiz, or ascertain, by the most insolent coolness of investigation, whether they like the looks of

Lady A, or Lady B., sufficiently to be introduced to her. They seem to fancy themselves privileged in rudeness towards any one not exactly belonging to their own set,—to sneer—to elbow—to push aside. French women, on the contrary, are peculiarly courteous to strangers. If thrust against their intentions into a crowd, there is a coaxing tone in their merest “*Pardon, madame, mille pardons !*” which, if not sterling gold, is very pretty tinsel.

The men in society here take my fancy less than the women. The *very* young ones affect Anglomania, and talk of nothing but horses and *la chasse*, in a tone of affectation ridiculous to English ears. Still worse are the *jeunes élégans*, the look-and-die class, who dress *à la moyen age*, and, like other mites, are vast underminers—of female reputation. I omit a few charming old men of the old school, all urbanity and good-breeding ; but after a time their flowery nothingness becomes tedious ; and, on the whole, the most agreeable companions are the men of about fifty, whose youth was passed at the imperial court, where ability was the *passé partout* ; “men

of the world, who know the world like men." From one thing, at least, you are secure in French society—the proud, reserved, unsocial, "superior man," so often met with in England—a miser of his own mind, who stalks through life as if he owed no kindly reciprocation of sociability to his fellow-creatures. The French seem to have their temper or their temperament more under their own controul than the English.

— Just returned from a ball at the Tuileries!—what a singular scene!—truly and indeed the *fête* of a *roi citoyen*—one of the few moral tracés yet remaining of the July Revolution; a ball of four thousand persons, two thousand of whom are chosen from the middle, or somewhat below the middle, classes. Such an assemblage necessarily excites the disgust of the escutcheoned magnates of the feudal party; for the worsted epaulets of the National Guard are to their disdainful eyes as the sign of the Beast. But for myself, who have no national pride to be wounded by the contact, I confess that an entertainment given by the king, *not* to

his court, but to his subjects, affords unmixed satisfaction. Prejudice apart, I distinguished nothing in the dress or deportment of the guests, differing from those of society in general. I never saw assembled a greater number of elegant or elegantly attired women ; and as to the inconvenience complained of, the pressure of the crowd—(no greater, by the way, than at some charity ball at Almack's—Caledonian or Hibernian)—it was easily to be avoided by arriving early, and taking a seat for the evening in the *salle des maréchaux*, where their majesties and the court remain stationed till the announcement of supper. It is the custom of the *fine* to show themselves for an hour, and retire about eleven ; but I declined accompanying Lady Sarah Andover's party home, and remained with Madame de Merinville to witness the supper spectacle, often described to me as unique in brilliancy.

The banquet is served in the *salle de spectacle*, on tables occupying the ground floor and the circle of the *balcon*—a military band and a host of spectators occupying the second tier of boxes.

The theatre is resplendently illuminated with innumerable chandeliers, and the supper served exclusively upon plate. But the peculiar brilliancy of the scerie is attributable to the circumstance that not a single gentleman is allowed to enter till the ladies have risen from supper ; and the tables are consequently ornamented by uninterrupted lines of gay and beautiful women, glittering with diamonds and adorned with the richest costumes. And this vast area of the *salle* appears to be waving with plumes, and variegated by flowers.

A place was reserved for me beside that of Madame de Mérimville, at the central table, occupied by the royal family and the household. As the queen took her seat, the band struck up the inevitable *quatuor d'usage* from *Lucile*,—
“ *Où peut-on être mieux qu’au sein de sa famille ?* ”
and after a supper, including hot soups, *entrées*, &c., served by four hundred domestics, half of whom are in full court-dress, the other half in the royal livery, the queen rose and returned to the ball-room, followed by the whole assemblage. Our re-entrance, by the way, was somewhat

formidable, through an apparently interminable lane, extending from gallery to gallery, of brilliant uniforms and scrutinising faces, waiting to rush into the supper-room. Dancing was immediately resumed, but I retired with my little friend; my eyes absolutely dazzled by the bright illumination of the Tuileries, and the glittering variety of uniforms, French, English, Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, Greek, Highland, Oriental, contributory to the splendours of a ball *chez le Roi Citoyen*. Let the exclusives say what they will, a *fête* attended by four thousand prosperous, happy-looking people, under the roof of a noble palace, cannot but leave a most agreeable impression on the mind.

Thursday.—Loitered away an evening at the weekly *soirée* of an English exclusive of the secondary class, long resident here. About twenty women, about thirty men, of divers nations, apparently *habitués* of the house, dropping in one after the other, to feast upon weak tea and equally vapid *causerie*.

None but the French can converse a whole evening without effort; the English (*du grand monde*) keep their attention alive only when whipped up by little serpent-scourges of ill-nature. The *soirée* of last night was the only one where I have heard a whisper of scandal; my countrywomen certainly possess a marvellous instinct for tearing each other to pieces.

“When an Italian is questioned concerning another Italian in a foreign country,” said the Neapolitan Secretary of Legation to me, the other night, “he feels it a duty to make the best of his countryman. Unless he should labour under a serious stigma, we manage to say something courteous in his behalf. But, question one English lady concerning another, and you would suppose the whole nation to consist of lost women or vulgar *roturières*. It is either—‘I know nothing of her; she was never heard of in society in England!’ or—‘Pray do not talk to me of such a person; nothing can be more notorious than her conduct.’ More diverting was the *naïvété* of the beautiful Marchesa, who exclaimed (on occasion

of a tremendous storm excited some years ago in the English society of Rome, by the appearance of Lady * * * at the assemblies of the Hanoverian ambassador). 'Their virtue! their virtue! How indelicate of these Englishwomen to be always talking about their virtue! We never heard such a thing alluded to, till the English came among us after the peace!''

To-night at Lady Harriet's, the King's ball was a target for the discharge of general impertinence.

"Were you at that thing at the Tuileries, last night?" inquired a Carlist Duchess of my friend Lady Sarah Andover.

"For an hour or two. I dined there on Sunday; so I thought it a good occasion to go and make my *visite de digestion*. By the bye, I did not see *you* in the *mêlée*?" she continued, turning to our hostess.

"I do not happen to have a gown, just now, old and shabby enough to venture into a mob!" replied her ladyship. "I shall go to the private ball next week. Was there any thing amusing last night?"

“Less amusing than usual. On account of this political *démêlé*, we had no Americans. I do so dote upon the Yankees at those balls, whisking through the waltz with their Bourguignon diamonds, and their comet-like birds of paradise! One night last winter, I had the courage to stay supper; and before me there was a dish of beef-steaks and fried potatoes, perfectly horrific to a Parisian *élégante* sitting near me (who, I found afterwards, was the wife of a glove-maker, in the Rue de la Paix). ‘*Que voulez vous, ma chère ?*’ said her companion. ‘*C’est pour les dames Anglaises. Les Anglaises, voyez vous, ne sauraient souper sans biftek.*’”

“We had no Americans, then, at the ball last night?” said I, addressing my friend Lady Poyntz, the wife of a Tory ex-minister.

“What ball?” she inquired, rousing herself from a reverie.

“At the Tuileries.”

“Was there a ball at the Tuileries?”

“Yes, a splendid one.”

“I know nothing about Louis Philippe’s

entertainments. I have not been at the Tuileries these six years."

"You were fortunate," said I, "that the noise of such a multitude of carriages passing under your windows in the Rue de Rivoli, did not reveal the secret to you."

I begin to feel myself unworthy of the select *comités* of Paris society, such as Lady Harriet's. I am told they are the only ones in the civilized world, where what deserves to be called conversation still exists; yet I never heard anything more vapid than the eternal repetition of—"votre santé a été bonne depuis que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous voir?—Votre charmante amie, miladi (une telle), &c., porte bien?—Comment avez vous trouvé la Grisi hier au soir?—&c., &c." By way of conversational society, give me a first-rate English dinner party, or a pleasant party in an English country house! But, by way of gaiety, let me have a brilliant ball of several hundred persons, with good music, where every one talks to every one as much or as little as they please. I detest a *petit comité* of languid ineffables.

It is thought highly indecorous in Paris to sit conversing above a certain time with the same person. Every gentleman addresses in turn every lady of his acquaintance; and even, where a *liaison* actually and notoriously subsists, it would be considered an insult to society to render it publicly observable by undue attentions. Married couples living, however unhappily, together, appear so far together in public, that the *mari* escorts Madame into the ball-room, and back to her carriage. It is unnecessary to address each other in the course of the evening; still less to parade together, arm-in-arm, after the Darby-and-Joan custom of the English. *They* appear in society to pay their compliments to the world; their compliments to each other are supposed to be paid at home. The domestic virtues of the Parisians are at a low ebb. But this is studiously concealed. No people can be more attentive to the external decencies of life.

Chez nous, a woman giddily inclined chooses the most public places to exhibit her indiscretions;—the park, the Opera, Almack's, Ken-

sington Gardens ;—she seems to think it a pity that the influence of her bad example should be lost. This arises from the fact that Englishmen do not err deliberately, but become entangled in mischief from weakness and self-reliance. The Frenchman goes seriously to work, and is therefore studious not to provoke observation.

“ I hear great mention, among you English ladies, of the word ‘ flirtation,’ ” said an old French gentleman *de l’ancien régime* to me the other day. “ I am often told,—‘ such a lady is perfectly well-conducted, but she is fond of a little innocent flirtation’ ; *Qu’ est-ce que ça veut dire—‘ flirtation’ ?* ”

The Anglicism was somewhat difficult to explain ; but, when I had wasted some eloquence on the attempt, he replied—“ *Ah ! vous voulez faire entendre de la coquetterie sans résultat ?* ”—a sort of thing to us incomprehensible !—In affairs of love, *we* are matter of fact. Our marriages are seldom, as in your country, marriages of inclination ; yet we can boast an infinite number of virtuous and faithful wives. But a woman is

either faithful to her husband, or takes a lover.

Il faut opter. If the latter, she is doubly careful to give no umbrage to her husband by levity of demeanour. If, after being faithless to her husband, she become faithless to her lover, she is regarded in society as a *femme galante*, and ceases to be respectable. Pardon me, I speak plainly ; but my position as a grandfather entitles me to explain these things to a stranger."

And thus their code of immorality seems to be deliberately established ; partly, I imagine, in consequence of the impossibility of divorce, and partly because, in case of *convicted* unchastity, a lady is liable in France to imprisonment, and is made to contribute from her own means towards the support of the children she has abandoned.

" You are so strange,—*you insulaires !*" cried my Baden friend, Madame de Nivelles, when discussing with me some point of morality. " You are fond of holding forth as if all the virtue in the world had taken refuge in Great Britain. But look at the fact !—look at the

records of your newspapers!—look at your divorce trials.”

“Three or four instances in the year,” said I, “out of a population of seven millions, and vulgarly blazoned forth to the utter demoralization of the public.”

“*N'importe!*” she interrupted. “All that is thus recorded is *fact!* A miladi rushes from the arms of one milor into those of another; number 2 paying a large fine (according to legal tariff) to number 1. The miladi has only to change her name, her liveries, the arms on her carriage, and add a ball more or less to the coronet in the corner of her pocket handkerchief;—and, *Vive la divorce!* all goes on as before.”

“Pardon me,” I exclaimed,—“such a woman has forfeited caste at once and for ever!—She is no longer received either at court or in society.”

“Bah, bah!—not in *London* society. But she comes abroad. She is the lawful wife of a milor, and, except to the fêtes of your Ambassadors, is entitled to go every where. She has France, Italy, Germany, at her disposal; *que*

voulez-vous? I have seen half-a-dozen of your *divorcées* in the best company; but, with *us*, a woman once driven in shame from her husband's house is received into no other."

— Interrupted by letters from England. Welcome interruption!—That most unamiable being, Sir Robert Herbert, has died suddenly, and Herbert and Armine come into the family estate and twelve thousand a year!—If ever woman merited prosperity it is my good unselfish sister;—she will know how to enjoy and improve the honours of affluence. They will now quit Bedfordshire and settle in our beloved old neighbourhood!—With them, I shall return to the haunts of my youth,—the silver Trent,—and Needwood!—I had already determined not to visit London this season, I shall have had enough of dissipation before I quit Paris; but Armine invites me to see them early in the summer, and the invitation is, I own, a tempting one.

—— To-day, for the first time, a *séance* in the *Chambre des Députés*. A ticket for the diplomatic tribune insured me somewhat more agreeable accommodation than in the old ventilator. As for the performances of the day, with my best endeavours to regard the affair with becoming gravity, I could not avoid being struck by a thousand absurdities. The hall is in itself dignified and senatorial. But the President with his little muffin-bell,—the rostrum, to which, in any sudden emergency of interest, the members cling like a swarm of bees to fight for possession ;—above all, the total inattention of the Chamber to the ordinary run of Speakers, amazed my weak mind. The French are the worst listeners in the world ; fifty little vehement debates are perpetually carrying on among the benches of the two parties to which the Speaker on his legs does not belong. They lend their ears only to those of their own way of thinking ; the right side and centre have no ears for the eloquence of the *côté gauche*. This

is certainly one way of preserving consistency of opinion.

Then, their excess of vehemence, without the slightest appearance of being in earnest! In the English House, how little demonstration of fervour, but how convincing a tone of sincerity! *Here* they speak out of the abundance of the heart; *there*, out of its depths. Ever and anon, when the fifty little contingent parliaments grew too insolently noisy, dingle-dingle-ding went the little bell of Monsieur le Président, and order was for a few minutes restored. I came away weary and unexcited, before the *séance* was half over, feeling as if I had been in the presence of a disputatious academy, rather than of the legislature of the nation. I fancied,—no doubt it *was* fancy,—that I could discern a peculiar distinction between the characteristics of the deputies from the south, and those of northern France. Thiers appears, in spite of his bad delivery, to be a ready and adroit ministerial speaker; but in the tribune, as elsewhere, he cannot divest himself of his *air gamin*.

What does Henry Bulwer mean by the assertion that literary men are more eagerly welcomed in society here than in England? They occupy, perhaps, a more independent and honourable position,—are less exposed to being lionized by patronizing dowagers, and more sure of obtaining public preferment; but, with the exception of Mignet and Mérimée, who are courted for their personal merits and official standing, rather than for their literary distinctions, I have scarcely met one of them. To the parties of the ministers, of the *Grand Référendaire*, and other public functionaries, artists and men of letters are admitted, as part of a political system; but they are not to be found, like Moore, Rogers, Chantry, Newton, and others, in the boudoirs of the *élite*, or the select fêtes of a Devonshire House.

The calling of *un homme-de-lettres* is here, however, a profession, bearing its own rewards and profits, and forming an especial and independent class. In common with the artists, they look to ennoblement in the Academy, and, under

the existing order of things, have been richly endowed with places and pensions; but among themselves, in their domestic privacy, their habits of life are on the whole inferior in refinement to those of the literary classes of England. It is true that, of late years, literature has been cultivated among ourselves as one of the highest graces of the aristocracy; while a considerable number of the ornaments of our schools of learning, devoting themselves to the church, attain high clerical preferment. In England, a great historian or moral philosopher achieves the golden honours of lawn sleeves; while, in France, he obtains an *habit brodé*, a *croix d'honneur*, a pension, and the honours of the Academy. The Carlists possess Chateaubriand and De Vigny among the literati; but the venerable Celadon of Madame Recamier owes his importance in their eyes rather to his political distinction than to the authorship of "Atala." Lamartine's fame, as a first-rate poet, has been injured by his decadence into a second-rate senator. Victor Hugo is a harsh, dry, self-concentrated

man, inflated into bombast by the worship of the romantic school. Balzac is the only Frenchman of talent who condescends to lionize in fashionable society: and, of female writers, though several might be cited as accomplished and elegant, the French have nothing comparable in importance with an Edgeworth, a Martineau, a Joanna Baillie, or a Mitford. One woman of genius, the female Byron of *la jeune France*, must not be passed over in silence; but, luckily for the honour of her sex, Madame Dudevant is so ashamed of herself and her works, as to mask them under the assumed appellation of “Georges Sand.” I noticed the profile of this talented woman in the collection of eminent persons among the medals of David: the eyes and forehead are strikingly handsome—the mouth *animalâtre* and coarse—half a Circé—half a muse.

— I have lately been trying to investigate the nature of the charm which renders Paris so favourite a sojourn of the English. In point of gaiety (for gaiety, reading dissipation) it affords

nothing comparable with that of London. A few ministerial fêtes every winter may perhaps exceed in brilliancy the balls given in our common routine of things; but, for *one* entertainment in Paris, at least thirty take place *chez nous*. Society is established with us on a wider and more splendid scale. The weekly *soirées*, on the other hand, which properly represent the society of this place, are dull, meagre, and formal to the last degree of formality. There is no brilliant *point de réunion* such as Almack's; no theatre uniting, like our Italian Opera, the charm of the best company, the best music, and the best dancing. Of the thousand and one theatres boasted by the Parisians, only three are of a nature to be frequented by people of consideration; the remainder being as much out of question as the Pavilion or the Garrick. Dinner-parties there are none; water-parties, none; dejeuners, unless given by a foreign ambassadress, none. A thousand accessories to London amusement are here wholly wanting. In the month of May, I am told, the public

gardens and the Bois de Boulogne become enchanting. But what is *not* charming in the month of May? Paris, perhaps, least of all places; for, at the commencement of the month, every French family of note quits the metropolis for its country-seat, or for sea or mineral bathing. Foreigners and the mercantile and ministerial classes alone remain. *La finance et la bureaucratie ! triste ressource !*

What, then, I would fain discover, constitutes the peculiar merit of inducing persons uninstituted by motives of economy, to fix themselves in this comfortless and filthy city, and call it Paradise? Alas ! my solution of the problem is far from honourable to the taste of our absentees ! *In Paris people are far less amenable than in London to the tribunal of public opinion !*

The custom of living in suites of apartments, either in a public hotel or a furnished house, renders people independent of the *surveillance* of their servants and of each other. Among the well-regulated establishments of a good

street in the better quarters of London, every action, every gesture, every visit received or refused, is known and commented upon, not only by your next-door neighbours, but by the super-abounding, and therefore idle, servants of a dozen others. The lazy butler of No. 36, yawning on the door-steps during the daily drive of his lady, and comparing notes with his brother corkscrews of No. 35 and No. 37, has nothing better to do than communicate intelligence of my lady's flirtations, or my lord's unpaid bills, to be circulated round the neighbourhood. In Paris he would be dusting chairs or washing china; for not a hand that is not super-abundantly tasked is retained in a French establishment.

Personal allusions, moreover, are inadmissible into the newspapers. No vulgar appetite prevails for learning the number of guests or *entrées* at the dinner of the Marquis of This or Baron the Other — the fiddle-faddle particulars of ladies' toilets, or the comings and goings of the aristocracy, and aristocracy-aping mediocracy.

There is infinitely less of the servile spirit of lackeyism among the middling and lower orders. A French haberdasher knows what the journals of the day relate as the last firman of the grand signor, but cares not a rush whether the noble duke, lodged in the first floor over his shop, is married or single, or about to commit matrimony; while a French footman talks to the *frotteur*, dry-rubbing your apartments, of the order of the day in the Chamber, or the pictures at the Exposition, instead of the improprieties he may have noticed while lounging away the night in the hall at Willis's.

Even in the most frivolous society, conversation rarely takes a personal tone. Scandalous gossip is regarded as eminently vulgar. The men talk politics—the women, dress—seldom or ever, the affairs of their neighbours. Whether — public morals derive improvement from this security from that minor, yet influential public tribunal,—the voice of society,—may perhaps be doubtful; but it is certain that not a few of the English are well content to be emancipated

from the *obligato* suit of buckram worn in London, and the hypocrisy induced by the consciousness of being always under review—always perched upon a judgment-stool—always subjected to the scrutiny of the steward's room, the servants' hall, the malignations of the fashionable school for scandal, and the branding-irons of the weekly press! Peerages, baronetages, magazines, annual registers, render the United Kingdom familiar with the births, deaths, and marriages—the divorces and delinquencies—nay, even the balls and masquerades, of the privileged classes of our own country. In France, each lives secure from observation in his hotel, as a marmot in his burrow, till some escutcheoned hearse, ascending to the heights of Père la Chaise, proclaims to the cobbler who for thirty years has mended shoes as porter to the mansion adjoining that of the defunct, that *sa seigneurie*, his neighbour, is no more! I should have known nothing of the misadventures of the Gresham Ronshams, had we lived side by side in the Rue de l'Université,

where things are established on too vast a scale for neighbourly espionage; nor would Fieschi have been enabled to build up his atrocious battery unobserved, in a lodging-house in Piccadilly.

Just received a charming letter from Herbert, enforcing with every possible argument his wife's invitations for the summer. "I am persuaded," he writes, "that what may have appeared to you a morose, unkindly humour on *my* part, has tended to create estrangement between us. Of this, believe me, my dear Harriet, you will have no further cause for complaint. You, who have perhaps experienced all the vexations of life, saving the sting of that gnawing worm called poverty, are wholly unable to appreciate the wear and tear of temper produced by the petty mortifications it induces. You cannot figure to yourself the humiliation of a man united to the wife of his choice, the object of his idolatry; and compelled, instead of surrounding her with the luxuries and elegancies of life, to preach a thrifty economy, and

minge in the endearments of their privacy arguments upon the waste of the kitchen, or the gluttony of the servants' hall. To have fair and promising children born to you, and know their prospects insecure,—even their means of education circumscribed,—is a bitter trial. You have seen me smarting under such feelings—smarting under unavowed embarrassments hateful to a man of honourable principles; but you will see all this no more. Our golden age is begun. Henceforward no inquietudes but those inseparable from the common lot of humanity—no heartburnings—no bickerings—no impatience. My dear unexacting Armine will henceforward occupy the position I have desired for her since the moment when, in early girlhood, she became the object of my preference. Come to us, my dear Harriet, and witness all this. Dread no more lectures; I shall be too busy inculcating lessons of happiness, to trouble myself with lessons of wisdom."

This is indeed a cheering prospect, not for my projected visits, which remain among things

Utopian, but for my dear sister, the best, because the least selfish, of human creatures. And of my own *avenir*? Alas! I do not yet venture on anticipations. Let me first thoroughly recover my self-possession; let the wounds of my pride be thoroughly cicatrised; and then, new prospects and new resolutions!

Revenons à nos papillons. It is edifying to perceive with regard to Carlism, as with regard to all other extremes of bigotry, that affectation and prejudice have begotten their own punishment. The French are not intrinsically a loyal nation. *Their* royalism is not the illustration of a scriptural precept, "Fear God—honour the king," for they adore Mary Mother rather than their Maker, and honour Versailles and the Tuileries rather than the Father of the People. They love the pomp and glitter of the throne; cling to the abdicated dynasty rather as an evidence of *bon ton* than from any better motive, choosing it to be supposed that their ancestors were courtiers of the elder Bourbons, and that gratitude necessitates their faithful adherence to

the race. Hence, an infinite number of ancestorless pretenders assume the name of Carlists as a warranty of their equivocal nobility. Men whose fortunes were amassed during the pillage of the first revolution, or by speculations prospering under the empire, nay, deriving their revenues from the profits of public gaming-tables, affect allegiance to the cause of legitimacy, as a plea for improving their circle of society by making their houses a point of re-union for the Carlist party, most of whom are too poor, and many too timid, to render their hospitality a rallying point for the seditious. Several distinguished circles have been formed by obscure and worse than obscure individuals, under such auspices. Even a low-bred American, accidentally enriched, has bought his way to prominence by permitting certain Carlist dignitaries to entertain their friends at his expense. Among the first to overwhelm this rash Timon of a new Athens with ridicule, are the parties so largely indebted to his weakness. "What

would you have?" they exclaim; "it would expose *us* to the persecutions of the police were *we* to unite under our roofs the distinguished members of our party. These obscure people are liable to no such interpretation. Monsieur Persil would find it difficult to promote a Yankee democrat into any emissary of the legitimate party. Under such auspices we are safe!"

After all, this is but a modification of the acquaintance-brokerage I formerly stigmatized in London. *A chacun, ses travers!*

There exists, by the way, in Paris, but a single fashionable club, which, having been founded at the period of the Restoration, is composed in a great measure of Carlists, systematically illiberal towards the English. At this, as in the best London clubs, high whist is the order of the day, enhanced by the attractions of good society and a good *cuisine*. Such a resort is of course unfailing in attraction to *Messieurs les Anglais*, on the model of whose tables it was created by the returned emigrants of 1814; and

it seems at least to relieve society from the presence of inveterate whist players, a tiresome and profitless restraint.

— Were not my Diary secured under one of the choicest of Bramah's patent locks, I would not hazard a word on dress and fashion, since all comment on such a subject must be to the disparagement of my own country. For Paris is beyond question the Mecca of the *toilette*, and Herbault the high-priest of the Temple—Herbault, who “purveys (wo)mankind from China to Peru,” civilizes the empresses of barbarous Muscovy, and regalizes even the obesity of a Queen Christina. This illustrious artist is said to have been born in the palace of Versailles, when Versailles was a royal residence; though, during the gorgeous triumphs of the empire, his star shone subdued by the brilliancy of that of *Le Roi* (“*le roi des modes*”), to rise at last in utmost glory with the sun of the Bourbons. To his genius, the Court of Louis XVIII. and his successor was indebted for half its attractions;

nor would the tears of *le petit Château* have ever ceased to flow for the loss of Madame, had not Louis Philippe, by a master-stroke of genius, retained Herbault the unique, as milliner of the new Court of the new Queen. The day preceding every royal gala is passed by Herbault *au Château*, arranging the diamonds of her Majesty and the Princesses on their dresses, and imprinting on the very hem of their garments the impress of pure legitimacy—for the mighty master is a zealous devotee of courtliness. No one so nicely discriminates between “*l’air comme il faut*,” “*l’air distingué*,” “*l’air noble*,” “*un port de reine*,” and “*une pose impériale* ;” no one so scrupulously avoids giving to the *toque* of a *femme de la banque* the turn of feather becoming the Ambadress of Imperial Austria. He is M.A. or rather LL.D. in the arcana of the toilet, a man of science as well as a man of genius. Hear him discuss the comparative qualities of the ostrich of Syria, the ostrich of Senegal, the ostrich of the Cape,—and old Pennant the ornithologist is outdone. No wonder

that Dantan should have immortalised Herbault the First and Last by one of the cleverest of his *statuettes* !

Herbault and Victorine are, however, the only remaining classicists of the School of Fashion. All that Hugo and Dumas have done towards the corruption of literature, has been effected in the reign of *la mode* by Palmyre, Beaudrant, and their imitators. Exaggerations have crept in under the sanction of these people; and were it not for the tone of absolutism with which Herbault maintains his ascendancy over the wavering minds of his *belle clientèle*, chaos would come again, and a renewal of the monstrosities of the *incroyables* betray the innovations upon moral order, inevitable in the divided kingdom of a citizen King. Long live Herbault ! Whatsoever King may reign, let the legitimacy of the toilet remain unpolluted !

In no country in Europe is the infallibility of the Head of the Fashion so important as in France. England is a land of originals; and in

dress, as in all other matters, people consult their whims and fancies. A Frenchwoman's sole fancy is to follow the fashion,—*the* fashion, for it is one and indivisible. Herbault fixes the "mould of form" for summer bonnets at the Easter promenade of Longchamps; and thenceforward, to attempt any othershape, would be flat blasphemy. A world of trouble and invention is spared. From the exclusive down to the humblest *grisette*, the rule is made absolute. In France it would be as vulgar to affect a deviation from the general law, as in England tamely to submit.

I am at a loss, however, to determine what constitutes the undeniable superiority of a Frenchwoman in the art of the toilet; unless, as I suspect, it consists in excessive neatness. Every point of her costume is exact and precise. However simple the materials, the dress fits to a miracle. Not a plait is out of its place, not a rumple discernible: the glove, the shoe, the stocking, all are equally well fitting;—every hair of the coiffure is carefully adjusted, and the quilling

of the snow-white cap scrupulously symmetrical. You never find, as in the case of a showily-dressed Englishwoman, a superfluous bow of ribbon stuck on to cover the fissure of an ill-fitted waist; or a fine chain or brooch assumed to smarten up a dress whose freshness is tarnished; while crushed flowers or soiled ribbons are sins beyond forgiveness. Frenchwomen are careful of their belongings, and, possessing scarcely a fourth part of the finery with which we overload our wardrobe, are always fresh and spotless.

It is no discredit to *them* to be seen at half-a-dozen successive balls in the same gown; and they are, consequently, secure from the vexation of appearing in it in successive seasons. This prudent limitation enables them to be always in the fashion.

It is the custom of the lower orders in England to exclaim, when a woman is rouged to excess, or attired in glaring colours,—“look at that *Frenchified* piece of goods!” Of the sins of the Parisian belles of former days I sing not; but, at present, nothing can exceed

the modesty of fashionable costume. Except at balls, an *élégante* never appears in full dress; and her *demi-toilette* and morning dress are remarkable only for a deficiency of ornament. The only women I have noticed here as wearing rouge are countrywomen of my own; nor was I ever before aware of the meretricious and most unlovely aspect imparted by false colours to even the loveliest countenance. I speak not in a moral sense; for whether a woman waste three or four hours in adjusting the niceness of her dress and the brightness of her hair, or, after a hasty toilet, apply a coat of rouge upon her cheek, the impulse of coquetry must be the same. But paint is a positive defeature;—it imparts a glassy look to the eyes and a doll-like vulgarity to the face. If the catalogues of the perfumers' shops of Paris are to be credited with their enumeration of *crème de concombres*, and *crème de limaçons*, cosmetics are as much in use here as among the London votaries of Kalydor and Macassar oil;—but at least the sin of the whited wall is wanting.

— I went to-night through the ceremony of what is called a *visite de digestion*, at the weekly *soirée* or *réception* of the *Ministre de* —. What a penalty is entailed by this custom of opening your house weekly, to afford to all and sundry who can pretend, in the most remote degree, to the honours of acquaintance or official collision, an opportunity of intruding uninvited into your society ! The ministerial *soirées* include of necessity so unsatisfactory an assemblage, that the visits of those persons whose presence would be really acceptable, are rare and brief ; while people sufficiently small to find their consequence augmented by being seen under a ministerial roof, omit not a single occasion of courting a formal bow from *l'homme en place*. There were about a dozen ladies to-night, most of them wives of leading deputies or other *spécialités*, and nearly three hundred men. No refreshments—nothing but talkee-talkee,—adorned by that flourishing arabesque of compliment which overruns the discourse of these silver-tongued iron-hearted people. I observed

a vast number of artists and men of letters ; -not holding, however, the dignified attitude assigned them in such society as that of Lansdowne House, the *pendant* to that assembled *chez monsieur le ministre*. I doubt, by the way, whether, if the custom of voluntary evening visits were admitted in London, such parties would present the orderly tone and aspect they retain in Paris. Manners predominate here over morals ; and even Robert Macaire in his rags knows how to present himself in society.

A distinguished doctrinaire deputy amused himself by upbraiding me this evening with the delinquencies of Mrs. Trollope and her book on Paris.

“ I cannot but conclude,” said he, “ that the fame of this new work, as well as of that on America, is based on the cleverness of Hervieu’s sketches ; for I find that those the Trollope has published unillustrated, are admitted to be failures. *Rien de plus amusant que de voir à quel point cette pauvre vieille a été coëffée de son Abbaye aux Bois, et entichée de sa coterie de sem-*

piternelles : une petite demi-douzaine d'hommes, célèbres par leurs réputations, et autant de femmes, célèbres par leur manque de réputation—dont l'une a quatre fois divorcé, et les autres se sont dispensées de cette cérémonie ;—voilà la prétrise de son culte immaculé ! D'honneur, votre Madame Trollope est impayable !”

“ Il paraît qu'elle veut se faire donner pour une femme de bonne compagnie !” cried another ;
“ cependant son guignon contre l'Amérique se rapporte à la banqueroute d'un certain bazaar, dont elle était l'entrepreneuse !—Qu'un pareil individu se mêle de critiquer les mœurs,—de juger les usages ! —L'impertinente !”

What would they say of me, did they know that *I* also am guilty of the presumption of playing the critic, though not for the edification of the public ?

One of the recreations brought into vogue here by foreigners (chiefly by the English), consists in *des diners de cabaret*, as they are qualified, after the fashion of the *régence*. It is true that among the middling classes, a third of

the population dine habitually at the *restaurants* ; but even the fine ladies have been allured to the Rocher de Cancale, by the dinners of *soixante francs la tête*, given by Lord Hartford and other travelling Amphytrions. Yesterday I was present at one of these dinners ; the mere *cuisine* of which is rivalled only by three or four private houses in London. The service was admirably good, for a *restaurant*—but deficient, of course, in the refinements and comforts of a private house. The fish course, which established the fame of the Rocher, struck me as far inferior to that of Lovegrove ; but I was informed by Mr. de Rawdon, an English attaché versed in such matters, that the wine, here, is no less pre-eminent. After all, there is something objectionable in the idea of elegant women quitting their decent homes, and visiting an eating-house in one of the dirtiest parts of Paris, for the sake of a few well-dressed dishes ; and as for the buffet of undressed fish, which it is part of the entertainment to visit, Grove's shop and Phillips', during the London season, are fifty times better provided.

The only reasonable plea in favour of the system is, that such dinners are usually given by fashionable bachelors, diplomatists, or dandies, having no establishment of their own.

From the dinner-table yesterday, we proceeded straight to the opera, and the evening passed off agreeably enough, with the exception that little Alfred de la Vauguyon made his attentions so disagreeably apparent, that for the future I shall decline the honour of his visits.

The French bid bold defiance to Shakspeare's axiom, that

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by attorneyship,"

matrimony being with them as much an "*affaire*" as any transacted at the Bourse. Madame de Bretonvilliers, who visited me to-day, accounted for being in higher spirits than usual, by informing me that she had just arranged a charming marriage for her niece Malvina de Rochmore, with the young Prince of Aspern.

"Is Mademoiselle de Rochmore much at-

tached to the prince?" said I, with perfect naïveté.

"Attached? *Quelle horreur!*" cried the Marchioness. "With *us* a young lady presuming to entertain a passion would be considered lost. Malvina has never seen the Prince. She is still at the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*; and her father, the Duke, being a widower, it is at *my* house the wedding will take place."

"And the *courtship*?" said I.

"Courtships, *chez nous*, are very differently managed from those of your country. Malvina arrives at my house to-morrow; and henceforward the Prince will present himself there every evening, among the rest of my visitors. At the end of a week or ten days I shall interrogate my niece. Should there exist no repugnance on her side, (which is scarcely possible, for Aspern is very amiable, *et de très bons façons*, and, being unacquainted with any other man, no previous impression can have been made) the arrangements will proceed. As her avowed *fiancé*, every evening the Prince will present

Malvina with a bouquet; and before the end of the month, the *signature du contrat* will take place,—a ceremony to which I have the honour of inviting you; immediately afterwards, the wedding, the *diners de famille*; and I shall have the happiness of beholding my niece settled in one of the finest hotels in Paris, immediately adjoining my own."

"But should Mademoiselle de Rochmore admit a feeling of repugnance?"

"In that case, the negotiations, which are known only to ourselves, would be immediately broken off. But it is not likely. Malvina has been admirably brought up; she has a delicate and feeling mind, fully alive to the advantages of a match proposed for her by the tender foresight of her father, on whose judgment she has perfect reliance. You can scarcely imagine how much we French are revolted by the manners of English young ladies, who go rambling in ball-rooms, flirting (as they call it) with this man, and laughing familiarly with that; refusing or accepting proposals, and

at length, perhaps, informing their parents that their affections, or even their hands, are engaged."

"Remember," said I, "that these proceedings take place under the observation and sanction of their parents, who are on the spot to interfere should any objectionable acquaintance arise."

"But what man of sense," said the Marchioness, "would seek a wife in one who for years has been on the look out for lovers and a husband, and, before she makes her election, must have passed through the preliminaries of half-a-dozen courtships!—Shocking!—Horrible!"

"Instead of which," I retorted, piqued in my turn, "it is *after* marriage that you Parisians incur a similar peril. *Croyez-moi*, both systems are open to objection; and each is best adapted to the customs of the country in which it has arisen."

I did not admit to Madame de Bretonvilliers what I cannot disguise from myself, that my countrywomen have only too readily adopted

the system of "attorneyship" in their matrimonial arrangements on the continent. In France no woman is too old, too ugly, too odious, to be beset by suitors, provided she possess *les écus*. The smallest fortune has its adorers; but a widow with a good jointure, or a *demoiselle* with a handsome *dot*, is sure to be the object of a thousand speculations. A woman who, for ten preceding years, had been consigned in London to the bench of Dowagers, arrives in Paris to be courted as a partner in the ball-room, previously to being sought as a bride; and, the dormant spirit of coquetry thus re-awakened, these elderly dames are apt to play fantastic tricks before high heaven, and eventually become the prey of some adventurer. Unless where prudent relatives are at hand to examine into the pretensions of the aspirant, the assiduities of a French suitor ought to be very cautiously accepted. Those of Alfred de la Vauguyon are, I am aware, addressed solely to the *beaux yeux de ma cassette*; but so would it be were he to form a connexion with the most

illustrious family in France; and, though not rich, his parchments thrown into the scale will probably secure him an alliance with some heiress of the financial class, whose gold *servira à dorer l'écusson nobilissime des Vauguyons*.

—— A ball *chez le Duc d'Orléans*! I should be sorry, could any reasonable being be aware how anxious I felt for an invitation, which is considered here equivalent to a diploma of beauty. The handsome heir-apparent *desires*, naturally enough, to have his *fêtes* graced with the presence of all the pretty women in Paris; and the candidates are proportionably numerous. All honour, however, to his Royal Highness's discrimination!—the ball was perfect! The Duke's apartment, which occupies a portion of the palace distinct from that of their Majesties, is furnished in the style of *la renaissance*, with a choice selection from the royal *Garde Meuble*, and gleanings from all the curiosity-shops in Paris. The Duke of Orleans has also a charming collection of paintings and sculpture, by modern artists, of whom he is the liberal

patron. His tastes are elegant, and, for a handsome young Prince of four-and-twenty, not more frivolous than might be expected; including one or two "eternal passions" in the course of every season, and the best racing stud in France. All this would sit better perhaps on an English lordling than on the heir apparent of so turbulent a monarchy as the citizen-kingdom of France: for a "*jeune homme comme il faut*" is a "*jeune Prince comme il ne faut pas*;" but *his* is an heirship-apparent at best presumptive, and, I fear, apocryphal. *En attendant, vive Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans*, the best ball-giver in Europe!

. I agreed to accompany Madame de Mérimville and half a dozen other women of equally unimpeachable fashion, *en partie fine*, to the *bal de l'opéra*, escorted by a sufficient number of cavaliers, prudently selected from among their fathers and uncles, to defy the breath of calumny. There was an affectation of mystery in the business, although our project was known to half our acquaintance; but, as Madame de

Mérinville retained her box, we were sure of a retreat in case the ball should prove too crowded or too *gay*. I have been so long accustomed to connect the idea of a masked ball at the opera with the scandalous anecdotes of French memoirs, that I experienced a consciousness of having embarked in a silly adventure. As far, however, as my own observation enables me to decide, good order and discretion prevail at the *bal de l'opéra* as much as in the church of St. Roch! Instead of being "pleasant, but wrong," the thing is dull and decorous. Men are only admitted unmasked, ladies in a close black domino, which, assimilating all shapes and ages, rendered us unrecognizable. A foot and hand, *bien chaussé et bien ganté*, form the sole distinction between belle and belle. My venerable escort, and uncle of my friend Madame de Mérinville, informed me that the propriety of the *bal de l'opéra* (which he was pleased to call its *décadence*) dates from the establishment of Musard's balls, which take place twice a week in the Faubourg St. Honoré, as a focus for the demoralization of

the *beau monde* and *low monde*. There, even the fine gentleman appears masked and *en polisson*, and the results are such as to preclude the presence of even the least prudish woman of character. Such is the *égout* which is said to have purified the masked balls of the opera.

I proposed to Madame de Mérimville, at Lady Harriet Snipsnap's request, to include her Ladyship in our little party, and was not a little mortified to be refused.

"*Ne m'en voulez pas, ma chère,*" said she, "*mais votre miladi est une femme aux aventures.*" On this point, our Queen, like your own, is difficult. Miladi Harriette is not of our society at the *Château*, and it would not suit me to be seen at her house, or have her seen at mine. *D'ailleurs, charmante femme*; but too much talked of."

After being compelled to convey this refusal,—however cautiously worded, ungracious enough,—I thought it right to attend Lady Harriet's next *soirée*, when, my attention being awakened on the subject, I certainly *did* notice that her

coterie consisted of persons, like the articles displayed at some great china sale in London, damaged or defective; a family (or a tea-set) mis-matched by the unsatisfactory disappearance of a daughter (or a cream-ewer); or an elderly roué (or vase) with the gilding worn off. There are, however, so few English houses of consideration open *à jour fixe* in Paris, that Lady Harriet's retains a certain vogue, particularly with certain persons desirous of meeting certain other persons, and uncertain of an elsewhere. To-night, to my great amazement, as I sat gossiping with Lady Harriet, who possesses the fluent glibness of discourse peculiar to one who has passed twenty years *en causeries*, in came the Duke of Merioneth, arrived only this evening in Paris, and coming to note his arrival at Lady Harriet's Exchange, as a merchant might have done at Lloyd's. He appeared at once delighted to see me, and vexed to see me *there*.

The Duke has been passing the autumn at his place in Wales, surrounded by his own

family, so that he could tell me nothing of those concerning whom I was most anxious to hear. His inquiries of myself plainly proved that he has made himself acquainted with all my proceedings since I quitted England. He seemed as much *au fait* of every particular of my travels as my courier. The Duke's journey hither seems to have been a sudden movement, but he will be an addition to society. We have a variety of English personages in Paris this winter, all having their own orbits and pursuits, and contributing little to the general amusement. They have introduced the detestable custom of great dinners, which tire out one's spirits without pleasure or profit.

Pozzo di Borgo's house, by the way, is said to be a great loss to society; but I meet every night several striking Russian beauties, who are supposed to play the same parts in Paris which Alexander despatched one of the fairest of his Court to enact at that of Napoleon. A still more captivating woman is one who might pass alternately for Russian, English, French, Italian,

German, or Spanish ; a perfect linguist, an accomplished artist, a clever musician, and, better than all, a pretty woman ;—who sways the world of diplomats and dandies, not with a rod of iron, but a rod of loadstone,—nay, perhaps a divining rod, for many believe there must be magic in her influence. An object of spite to her own sex, all the world, on arriving here, is put on its guard against her wiles, yet all the world entangles itself in the *piquante* Countess's net as blindly as if the warning had been spared !

I cannot, however, forgive any thing that is young and pretty for soiling its taper fingers with the dirty work of politics ! Let our sex glory in the public triumphs of fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers ; but the successes to be conquered by back-stairs influence, the mole-like mining and counter-mining of petty intrigue, are a vile species of *contrebande*, and unworthy the purity of feminine nature.

I am assured that the animosities of politics have greatly abated during the last two years.

Still, there are certain circles in Paris which greatly resemble the hustings of an English election; and when some new deserter sneaks over to the enemy, *i. e.* some Carlist beauty appears at one of the balls of the *Château*, fearful is the hue and cry raised after the delinquent. In vain does she plead the fruitlessness of resistance to the established order of things, the example of those older and wiser than herself, the necessity of opening a career for her husband and children; political partisans are animals which give tongue, but give no ear.

One of the grand secrets of this vehemence of political zeal is want of occupation. The education of such Frenchwomen as were born at the early period of the great Revolution, was of necessity neglected; and these *ignorantissimes*, who have now attained to middle age, having nothing learned and nothing forgotten, “throw themselves” into politics, just as formerly *elles se seraient jétées dans la dévotion*. Some doting peer, or displaced *préfet*, occupies the post formerly assigned to the *Père Directeur*, and their

bigotry takes only a minor object for its idolatry. The uncultivated minds of such women are easily overmastered by a ruling passion which they mistake for a ruling principle; and happy those of the rising generation, who, if ungifted with faculties applicable to the highest purposes of study, are at least trained to devote their leisure hours to music, drawing, and *les arts d'agrémens*, so as to secure them against the possession of that particularly evil spirit, the genius of political intrigue! I never yet saw a female saint, or a female politician, who had not taken up her vocation in the want of rational employment.

— The Duke of Merioneth left his name for me this morning; and to-night I met him *au concert à la cour*, to which I accompanied Madame de Mérimville. These concerts are admirably arranged; I never heard a better selection of music. The invitations are issued so as to distinguish the non-dancing part of the community, as far as the *petits bals* distinguish the

dancers; but on the whole they are less exclusive than the private balls. This is the first appearance of the Duke of Merioneth at the court of Louis Philippe; and though a professed Liberal, I am convinced he was disturbed by compunctious visitings, at finding himself the guest of the successor of Charles X.; nay, I predict that, during his stay here, he will mechanically re-enrol himself under the banners of the noble Faubourg. His Grace will be diverted by hearing of a conquest I have effected in that seventh heaven of heraldry. Two evenings ago, just as I was dressed for Lady Harriet's, I received a visit of ceremony from Madame de Bretonvilliers, to tender matrimonial overtures for my hand (and jointure) in the name of her respectable uncle, the old Duc de Clisson, whose style and titles are said to engross the parchment of a whole patriarchal flock; but whose rent-roll, *soit dit en passant*, would lie in a nutshell. The venerable Duke affects to find in me the tone of the *vieille cour*; declares that there was an inter-alliance between the houses

of Clisson and Montresor, in the time of Philip Augustus ; and protests that his *château* on the Durance, an old turreted barn furnished to receive Maria de Medicis on her road from Tuscany to the arms of Henri IV., would be a paradise with such an Eve as Madame de Delaval for its Duchess of Clisson. Madame de Delaval knows better ; and, without permitting the Marchioness to enter into financial particulars, or refer me, as she wished, for explanations to the *notaire* of the house of Clissons, I begged to decline the honour of the alliance. She seemed to think it would have been convenient to sign the marriage contract on the same day with that of Malvina de Rochemore.

— This morning, being bright and sunny, I have devoted to sight-seeing ; to the churches of Notre Dame, so inferior to our own cathedrals of York and Lincoln ; St. Eustache, an architectural whim, conceived in the worst taste, but producing an imposing effect ; St. Etienne du Mont, the most ancient and

beautiful of the religious temples of Paris; the ill-fated Panthéon, a type of the unsoundly-based but grandly designed modern monarchy of France; and, lastly, the Chapel of the Invalides, one of the noblest trophies of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* As I admired its glorious nave, and the clever *ruse* by which its fine pavement was preserved from destruction during the Revolution, I could not but place myself in the position of General Serrurier, the Governor, who received the first visit of Napoleon on his return from Elba, when he beheld the eagle eye of his former benefactor raised to the empty space whence the banners, the trophies of ten years of victory, had been basely removed.

I visited last week the city of the dead—the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and, admitting all the charges made against it of bad taste and frivolous sentiment, could not stand unmoved in the burial-place of fifty thousand contemporaries, including so many illustrious names, so many memorable victims. Sepulchral monu-

ments are liable, above all other works of art, to the hazard of that single but fatal step, from the sublime to the ridiculous, as our own churches of St. Paul and Westminster Abbey unfortunately demonstrate. But, with the exception of Canova's monument at Vienna, to the memory of the Grand Duchess Maria Christiana of Luxe Teschen; Rauck's, to the Queen of Prussia; and Constan's, in the Cathedral of Sens, to the Dauphin and Dauphiness, the continent has nothing to show in rivalry with those of Mrs. Nightingale, in Westminster Abbey; of Mrs. Howard, at Corby; the Wodehouse children, at Lichfield; or Miss Johnes Knight, at Hafod.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise is, above all, strikingly deficient in monuments. The statue of General Foy, by David, is calculated for the senate-house rather than the sepulchre; and all the rest on which cost and care have been bestowed, consist in mausolea of granite, closed by solid gratings, containing marble altars adorned with massive plate. Of

one stately burying-place (honourably mentioned by Madame Trollope) some curious anecdotes are recorded. The Muscovite lord of the lady to whose remains it is dedicated, one of the richest individuals in Europe, directed, in the first outburst of conjugal grief, the purchase of a considerable piece of ground to be consecrated to her memory. Second thoughts, and the sculptor's estimate, arrived in process of time ; and, instead of devoting the whole territory to its original destination, a reasonable space was allotted to the Countess, and the remainder to the construction of other graves. That these should be suffered to lie tenantless seemed absurd ; and the Count, on receiving one day a visit from a favourite protégé, an eminent French tragedian, who had been attached to his private theatre, presented with unexampled generosity to the astonished histrion the title-deeds of a vault in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, instead of the pension he had been fondly anticipating. Three other graves, however, remained to be disposed of ; and one

morning the beautiful Countess O——, who was dying by slow degrees of a cancer, was found by her physician bathed in tears. “I know I am getting rapidly worse,” cried she, —“I know I look shockingly to-day. That monster —— has been here, trying to persuade me to purchase one of his horrible *caveaux*!” — So much for the magnanimity of the magnificos of Muscovy!

Madame de Mérimville, after amusing me with this eventful history, favoured me with a still more scandalous anecdote connected with one of the favourite heroes of Madame Trollope. A lady fair, some time since an object of idolatry to the celebrated bard so prominently bossed with the organ of veneration, was invited, a few summers ago, by her gentle shepherd to a *partie de campagne*,—an understood crisis in a French *affaire de cœur*. Attired in a bewitching *demie toilette*, the lady stepped into his *calèche*, anticipating a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, to conclude, probably, with a dinner at St. Cloud or Courbevoie; and, after some hours passed in

the open air, began perhaps to think with more complacency of *goujons frits*, or a *matekote Normande*, than of the tender but airy nothings poured into her ears. But the pilgrim of the valley of Jehoshaphat was otherwise disposed ; and, instead of directing her steps towards the savoury salon of ~~the~~ *Angiel*, guided her up the rough ascent of the Mont Valérien, and emphatically placed her hand upon the great iron cross of the Calvaire. “ *Jurez-moi sur cette croix une amitié éternelle !* ” whispered Monsieur le Vicomte to his fair companion ; and thus ended the *promenade* of the *Génie du Christianisme* with his Atala ; who found herself, on that occasion, like Monsieur Jourdain, considerably perplexed between poetry and prose.

At her *soirée* last night, poor Madame de Bretonvilliers commenced, in her usual tone, a violent Louis-Philippic, in which the terms *canaille* and *polisson* figured so far more freely than I thought becoming to exclusive lips, that I could not resist setting before her that however wide be the latitude of royal toleration with

respect to society, the Carlist set had opened its trebly-guarded portals to persons, both English and American, rejected by the society of their own countries.

“You do not enter into our views,” was her undaunted reply. “We meet at the hotels of the people to whom you ~~made~~ ^{go}, and they have the satisfaction to parade through apartments filled with the best company of the Faubourg; but they belong no further to our society than would a tetotum twirled in the middle of the room. We scarcely know them by sight; they scarcely know *us* by name.”

I would willingly have inveighed against the meanness that condescends to accept hospitality on such terms, but my conscience upbraided me with as great a sin, when I remembered the system of things prevailing in London. The only difference in the instance of the Turcarets being preyed upon by the Carlists, consists in the ridicule they have drawn upon themselves by their gorgeous and tasteless *parvenu*-ism—a ridicule which, in London, extending from *them* to *theirs*, would have isolated them into a species

of fashionable quarantine. *Chez nous*, the false Amphytrion would have been laughed at as a vulgar pretender; *here* (*pourvu qu'on y dine*) the impostor is accepted as a true man.

— Interrupted by a visit from the Duke of M., who, instead of admitting my usual plea to morning visitors, “*Madame n’est pas visible*,” insisted upon both seeing me and being seen. I imagined he must have some urgent business—some party of pleasure to propose, or invitation to seek; but no—all his errand was to bestow upon me the tediousness of a rainy morning. He sat watching my tapestry frame in silence, and I was obliged to supply conversation as well as patience, for two. His Grace seemed gratified to find me so little captivated by Paris and its ways; but, fearing he might represent me on his return to England as one of those prejudiced Dame Trots who can find nothing to praise beyond the limit of the Straits of Dover, I began to seek out causes of commendation in the habits of the French.

“One meed of praise I cannot but concede them,” said I. “The respect they show to age, and the indissoluble nature of their ties of family affection are certainly deserving of praise. In England, the word ‘old woman’ is synonymous with ‘bore,’ more especially if, in addition to the sin of years, she bring ~~the~~ the crime of celibacy; here, it would be held an offence against good-breeding to show slight towards a woman of *any* time of life. I admit that the old women of Paris assume a more judicious position in society than among ourselves, where they totter to drawing-rooms and balls, to the discredit of their grey hairs. After a certain epoch, a French woman is content to retire from the ball-room, *because* she is not fated, as in England, to retire into utter solitude. If a widow, she knows herself secure of an honourable station in the home of her married son or married daughter, or of the daily visits of her grandchildren and nieces. Every family of consideration is reunited once or twice a week—in many instances, *every* evening, before they disperse for the enjoyment of

general society—when *la bonne maman*, or *la bonne tante* is consulted, caressed, and honoured, instead of being compelled, by the slights of her own family, to court the impertinence of strangers.”

“I believe,” rejoined the Duke of M., “and am *interested* in believing, that the strongest instances of family affection are to be found in our own country; but example might be taken with advantage by many from the *bienséance* of the French. I admit that there are instances where the various members of families residing in London meet only as acquaintances in the common routine of society—nay, where married sisters and brothers seem to lose sight of their parents and each other—a circumstance unprecedented in France. Much of this family union of the French seems to me to depend on the peremptory manner in which pecuniary interests are adjusted by the law, to the extinction of kinsmanly jealousy and parental favouritism, as well as on the authority exercised by families with regard to the marriages of their offspring.

Should the signature of parents, or surviving parent, be withheld from a marriage contract, the alliance cannot be legalized, unless by a legal process termed a *sommation respectueuse*, or summons to render an account of the property and objections of the family ;—a measure rarely adopted, as it is supposed to stigmatize all parties concerned. On the other hand, I believe the family affection of the French to be of a more superficial character than ours. They meet daily, embrace constantly, and rarely indulge in domestic feuds ; but they are never known to exhibit those strong examples of personal devotion, of personal sacrifice, which occur in England.”

I immediately began to quote the thousand instances, beginning with that of the brothers Polignac, afforded in the course of the Revolution ; but the Duke stopped me.

“ *You* are talking of the French of the *ancien régime*,” said he ; “ remember that a new moral code has since been instituted. The Parisians of 1789 are as different from those of 1830, as

the English of Cromwell's time are from the courtiers of his dissolute successor."

Our didactics were interrupted by a visit from Mr. de Rawdon, with the sad intelligence that Lady Sarah Andover, whom I left three nights ago at a ball in perfect health and the highest spirits, was at the point of death! Though neither her friend nor intimate acquaintance, I am, indeed, shocked by such an event occurring at such a time. We have been running together the race of frivolity, and are, I fear, equally unprepared for so sudden a summons!

Terrible confirmation of Mr. de Rawdon's intelligence! Lady Sarah is no more;—without a relative,—without a friend to comfort her,—she breathed her last. The giddy associates among whom she passed her time missed her, and *scarcely* missed her, from the throng—inquired—heard from the porter of the hotel that *miladi* was "*indisposée*," and inquired no more. We had been the companions of her pleasures; it did not follow that we were to become the companions of her pains. She had been the life

of our coteries; it did not follow that we were to assemble round her bed of sickness—*her bed of death!* Oh! hollow, heartless world! such, such might have been my own fate, wanderer as I am in a foreign country. By her own desire, her remains are to be removed to England; but for which request, they would have been already consigned to the dust,—so eager is the haste with which the French thrust into the grave the encumbering object, the lifeless body, which obstructs the march of household business. This may result from the want of sympathy existing in a house of mourning inhabited by a dozen diverse families, ignorant of each other's names and qualities, and unwilling to interrupt their pleasures in token of respect to strangers; but it must be a cruel trial to survivors, to part so suddenly from all vestige of that which has been dear so long, and must be seen no more.

— I passed this evening at home, alone, for the first time since my arrival in Paris, deeply shocked by the recent event. But it would

seem as if I had been forewarned to attach myself to my own fireside ; for, as I sat musing over the precariousness of human life and human happiness, the Duke of Merioneth again made his appearance, on pretence of wishing to make me acquainted with the melancholy particulars of Lady Sarah's fate, but in truth on the formidable errand of asking me—to become his wife. It was impossible to make the proposal with more feeling or more delicacy. Few men have so much to offer with their hand as the Duke of M.—rank, wealth, and respectability ; but, in all honesty, I thought only of the warm heart and honourable mind so fruitlessly devoted to me ; and what with the surprise of the moment, and the shock received this morning, I could not restrain my tears at the notion of the mortification I was about to inflict in a decided rejection.

“ My self-love induces me to conclude,” he observed, after I had fully explained myself, “ that your affections are already engaged ; but do not, I beseech you, imagine that I wish to

pry into your secrets. Your preference cannot have been lightly accorded; may it tend to your eventual happiness!"

I hoped that, with this kind wish, he would take his leave, for, in reply to the observation that had escaped him, it was as needless as it would have been impossible to utter a syllable; but, as I half rose from my chair to bid him farewell, he added, "There was a time, indeed, when I fancied that Hartston, whose preference of yourself was visible to all the world, was so fortunate as to have obtained a high place in your regard."

"On both which points," I stammered, scarcely knowing what I said, "the recent marriage of Lord Hartston must have undeceived you."

Lord Hartston's *marriage!*" reiterated the Duke, with a look of unfeigned surprise. "I saw him in town the week preceding my departure. We talked on many subjects that would have rendered such a communication natural, yet he did not allude to the probability

of any such event. Nay, I have every reason to believe—I have almost his own declarations for my authority—that marriage was never farther from his thoughts.”

“You do indeed surprise me,” cried I, startled beyond my self-possession; “and it may serve to prove how little I am interested in the movements of your friend, that, till this moment, I believed him actually united to Lady Sophia Rossana.”

“Lady Sophia Rossana has long been engaged to Hilton,” observed the Duke.

“Yet, when I quitted England, the report of her approaching marriage with Lord Hartston was generally believed. From that period to this, I have made no inquiries on the subject, and concluded them to be actually married.”

“I may therefore lay the flattering unction to my soul, that Hartston had no share in my rejection?” said the Duke, half interrogatively, and intently regarding me.

“On such occasions,” said I, evading his inquiring looks, “surely it is as useless as

unsatisfactory to inquire into motives. That I have earnestly and sincerely requested the continuance of your friendship, is a sufficient attestation of the esteem with which you have inspired me."

"Enough!" cried he, now *really* approaching to take leave, and, with a hurried gesture, raising my hand to his lips,—“I see you are willing to spare me unnecessary pain: you have been kinder to me than I am to myself.” And in another minute he had quitted the room. Alas! what a revolution had been effected in my views and feelings by the preceding hour!

The unjustifiable conduct held towards me by Hanton and Lord Penrhyn, may perhaps have tended to reduce me to a becoming sense of humility; but I certainly never expected my woman's pride to be reduced so low as to induce the feeling of gratification with which the frank and honest offers of the Duke of Merioneth have penetrated my feelings. No man could throw himself more freely into a woman's power, without a single reservation in behalf of his own

self-love ; and aggravating indeed must be the self-conviction, that not even the host of advantages combined in his alliance could avail to turn the scale in his favour. A man so nobly endowed has a right to fancy that personal antipathy or previous engagement alone could determine his rejection. Fortunately for his peace of mind, the Duke of Merioneth has accepted the latter alternative.

That I have acted unwisely in renouncing such a marriage, I verily believe ; but, of the cardinal virtues, prudence has ever held the lowest place in my estimation. The Duke is in the highest sense of the word a nobleman, a man of cultivated mind, of equal temper, of right principle, irreproachable throughout all the relations of life. Yet, though my existence as his wife would be secure not only from the storms, but even the shifting breezes of mortal destiny, a calm so hopelessly monotonous would torpify my faculties. I must have something to excite—something to rouse me. I must look up, if not with fear and trembling, at least with

deference and a strong sense of inferiority, to the husband who is to be obeyed and honoured as well as loved. I should assuredly degenerate into a mere automaton, a miserable creature of luxury and selfishness, were not my better qualities stirred into activity by the companionship of one far nobler-minded than myself.

Enfin—the thing is done; and done, thank heaven, without reference to the intelligence afforded me by the duke, concerning one who has occupied too large a share in my consideration.

— It is pleasant to be diverted from one's own perplexities by agreeable tidings of the affairs of others. I have just received a letter from Lady Cecilia, in acknowledgment of an obligation, dictated by that fine, free, generous spirit of gratitude which accepts as frankly as it would bestow. During the first two years of my widowhood, I was able to lay aside, without penuriousness, a sum of nearly five thousand pounds from my jointure, which I intended should accumulate for the benefit of my little

nephews ; for, though Herbert was too proud to accept assistance in his own person, he could not have refused it in aid of the education of his sons. The altered circumstances of the family have happily superseded all necessity for such a provision. On receiving Armine's letter, announcing the death of Sir Robert, I accordingly wrote to my solicitor, directing him to make over the fund to my kinsman, Sir Jenison Delaval, in trust for his own son Clarence ; and it seems that the gift has so far stimulated the pride of "Sare Delafals," that he offers to make a settlement of a thousand a-year on his son, if the Clackmannans will consent to give him Lady Alicia and exert their interest to obtain him an appointment ; for nothing does he so much apprehend for Clarence as an idle life about town. At present, no answer to these proposals has been received from Clackmannan Court. But Lady Cis is sanguine ; and thanks me as the second providence of her son. If a few slight sacrifices of extravagance on my part should have

proved the means of forwarding the happiness of these young people, I shall be richly rewarded.

— Spent the evening at Princess Zabuschka's, where the English much do congregate, and where I perceived that the waves of society had closed as quickly over the head of Lady Sarah Andover, as those of the ocean over some nameless wreck. Her fate, which for the two first days afforded a theme for universal commiseration, was slightly and slightly alluded to. "Poor thing—poor woman—sad example—frightfully worldly-minded—hurried off from the stage where her foibles were exhibited to the last—unregretted by her family—neglected by her servants—despised by her dependents," &c., &c., &c. And all this of one who, but a week ago, was their hand-in-hand companion; courted as an associate, consulted as an oracle of the temple of fashion or folly!

"Pray when will the body arrive in England?" inquired Lady Harriet Snipsnap, of Mr. de Rawdon.

“About the 17th; but the family burial place is in the north.”

“The *family* burial-place! *Where*, I wonder? The Andovers are quite new people; cotton-spinners, or calico-printers, or something of that sort. I have heard of living in cotton,—but I never heard of being buried in it. I daresay the family vault is in the new Liverpool cemetery. By the way, who has got Lady Sarah’s parrot?”

And such, doubtless, is the tone in which my own last moments will one day or other be discussed, falling, as I shall, like an autumnal leaf, whirled from a fruitless bough to wither on the regardless earth! Such is the penalty of being alone in the world! The French take up their defence against this consciousness of isolation, by living in communities. They lodge, eat, drink, live, die, and are buried in communities. The dignity of the lonely country house, of the solitary mausoleum, is not for *them*. Had the cast-away of Juan Fernandez been a Frenchman,

he would have hung himself to the first palm tree on the coast.

At Princess Zabuschka's, by the way, I met our quondam London heiress, Madame di Campo Fiorito, who seems to have abdicated her glories in setting foot once more upon the continent. It is far more difficult to *faire événement* at Paris than in London; not from press of rivalry, but from the secondary influence of what is called fashion. In the Almack's sphere, a beauty may reign an idol for a certain number of weeks. Her season must not be too long, and should she rashly attempt a second, from the sublime of poetry she "tumbles down to prose," and the world takes a bitter revenge for its former infatuation. Here, there is no definite *local* for a graven image to be set up. If idolized at court, the reigning beauty is a mark of scorn for the Faubourg St. Germain; if worshipped in the Faubourg, the *salon* of the Duc d'Orleans votes her a quiz. Madame di Campo Fiorito passes in Paris for a pretty, pleasing woman; but no

newspaper commemorates her triumphs, no *petits soupers* are given in her honour, no duels fought, no honeyed stanzas perpetrated. She must be surprised to find herself deprived of her temporary importance, like a comet or a bird of Paradise stripped of its resplendent tail.

Now that I am becoming habituated to the habits of French society, I cannot but figure to myself how much foreigners, females especially, must be struck by the familiarity and want of deference commonly exhibited in England towards those of the opposite sex. The utmost intimacy scarcely privileges a Frenchman to take a lady's hand on entering a room, an obsequious bow forming the usual limit of his salutations; nor would he dream of lolling on a sofa, or occupying an arm-chair, in a lady's drawing-room in the presence of strangers. At evening parties men rarely obtain a seat; and their style of accosting ladies, even where the greatest familiarity exists in private, is distant and respectful. The courtesies of life are never

for a moment lost sight of; and gallantry exacts as much consideration towards the least lovely and least distinguished woman, as fashion demands from a Crockfordite towards an Almack's patroness, or the young Marchioness of Abercorn. The London men of the present day have their own time and place for being civil; but where is the dandy who would entertain the least scruple at refusing to dance with some Miss Brown, voted *mauvais ton* at the club; or at leaving an aunt from Russell Square to find her way alone to her carriage, on a rainy night at the Opera? The days of chivalry may be over; but their legendary influence has proved more permanent on banks of the Seine than on those of the Thames.

— We are now arrived at the close of the Carnival, and next week, *Mardi Gras* closes at once the pleasures of the rabble and the *fêtes* of the *beau monde*. The court balls are already over; and during Lent, or at least till the *'ni-carême*, or half-way house of penitence, there

will be no dancing. After Easter a few entertainments will be given, chiefly in the diplomatic circles ; but at the first indication of summer, as soon as the lime-trees are in leaf, the great world disperses : and the pretty villas in the neighbourhood of Paris become the point of attraction. At that period, however, the Herberts will pass a month in town, for the purpose of collecting furniture for Trentwood Park ; and I have promised to bear them company on their return to Staffordshire.

Interrupted by a visit from Lady Evelyn Beresford, who has made her way to Paris in a *dormeuse*, propped on air-cushions, to consult Hahnemann (the great father, as he is called, or more properly great-grandfather, of Homœopathy) on the maladies of her disordered imagination.

“ I am quite amazed,” murmured the sick lady, after a few introductory compliments to herself and me, “ to observe the barbarism still prevailing in France. Have you noticed, my dear Mrs. Delaval, that the number of herbo-

rists' shops in Paris exceeds that of the apothecaries' ? Although practical chemistry is supposed to have attained its highest perfection among the French, the great mass of the people indulge in the frightful practice of deluging themselves with diet-drinks, and home-made decoctions ! A solitary herb-shop in Covent Garden barely supports itself : here there exist hundreds, which enable people to poison themselves on the easiest terms."

"Easier, you think, than those afforded by the patent quackeries of England ?" said I, "Surely *eau de Tilleul*, or succory water, is less pernicious than the colchicum and prussic acid, which a shilling and a penny worth of stamp-duty enable some ignoramus to place at the disposal of a hypochondriac as ignorant as himself."

"They assure me, that even every prison here has its *tisannier* !" murmured the elegant valedudinarian, in a tone of commiseration. "What despotism !"

"And every work-house in England, its experimentalizing doctor !" I replied. "*Reste*

à savoir whether balm tea or acetate of morphine affords to these functionaries the readiest means of justifiable homicide upon those entrusted to their care."

— I am much puzzled when I consider the confectionary world, of silver-tongued and gossamer-souled dukes and marchionesses, truffle-crammed deputies, or musk-saturated bankers' wives, who constitute *my* experience of the French nation, where to look for the fearful elements of national character, which produced that conflagration slaked in blood, the great Revolution; or the enthusiasm which enabled Napoleon to engulf his hundreds of thousands in the snows of Muscovy.

"You see us in our carnival aspects, my dear lady," said the good old uncle of Madame de Mérimville, to whom, the other day, I was confessing my perplexities; "and, like others of your countrypeople, will quit Paris impressed with a belief that we are the most frivolous of God's creatures,—engrossed by *spectacles* and mummeries,—from Punch's puppetshow up to

Racine and Le Cid. Do not believe it. It has been the policy of our successive governments to encourage the pageant-loving principle, in order to distract the attention of the mass from the sad realities of their legislation. The *gamins* of Paris are, it is true, an excitement-craving generation; and a new melo-drama diverts their clamours from old political grievances. The theatres are therefore made the dog of Alcibiades, with its tail cut off by the charlatans at the head of affairs."

"By charlatans, meaning the *doctrinaire* ministry?"

"The *doctrinaire*, or any other. During at least a century following such a national convulsion as the crisis of the Revolution of 89, a country is not to be governed without some spice of charlatanry. The mountebank, who composes his nostrums of spring-water, though a deceiver in his way, is less reprehensible than one who compounds them with deleterious drugs. Our Emperor, while dazzling the eyes of Paris with golden bees and gorgeous coro-

nations, re-established the finances ruined by the directorial system; and extended the limits of a realm which prospered in proportion to its aggrandizement."

"And do you imagine," said I, not wishing to encounter one of those ecstatic panegyrics of Napoleon, so often inflicted upon me in the circle of Madame de Mérimville, "that the lull of stormy elements we just now experience will prove permanent?"

"In such a century, *what* can be pronounced permanent?" was the old man's sage reply. "Now that the worship of the right divine is extinct, and kings, in their turn, are subjected to the tribunal of public opinion, who can decide upon the stability of a government? To-morrow, evil counsellors may gain the ascendancy, or the progress of years enfeeble the mind of our new Sovereign. More *ordonnances*,—more barricades, and, perhaps, more experiments with another *filis de St. Louis*. A nation that has once attempted to pry into its destinies by the interpretation of *mare de sang*, as coolly as the old

women of Paris establish their divinations upon *mare de café*, is never again to be trusted. The instincts of the blood-hound are awake."

"An exciting cause, you think, is alone wanting?"

"An exciting cause, and the coincidence of circumstances. The grandsons of the heroes of the *grande armée* are more likely than their sons to organize themselves into a military nation, inasmuch as the memory of glory is more permanent than that of suffering. Even so, when the eye-witnesses of the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution become a past generation, their successors will recur only to the abuses it served to reform, and new Mirabeaus will live, and die, and be immortal. It has been said of Paris, that its mud is sprinkled with spangles (an assertion far more true in a moral sense, than as indicating the excess of luxury it purports to illustrate); and the tinsel thus mixed up with the clay of our populace is apt to dazzle and mislead people as to its real value and consistency."

And thus, if my old gentleman be a prophet *of* and *in* his own country, the French have some dozen years of tranquillity before them previous to a new nation-quake.

I cannot understand the motive of my sister in remaining so pertinaciously silent with respect to Lord Hartston and his movements. Is her forbearance the result of accident or design? Are the Herberts of opinion that since we cannot be lovers, we never can be friends; or are they simply pre-engrossed with the affairs of their own family? No, not that! Whenever I have chosen to fancy my sister least interested in my fortunes, I have been eventually compelled to admit my own injustice and her unintermitting sisterly affection. She has probably excellent reasons for her silence. Although not married to Lady Sophia Rossana, he may have other engagements which she is not at liberty to divulge; or, as the confidante of the old lady, she may be aware. No matter!—why lose my time in surmises!—Lord Hartston's affairs are clearly no affair of mine.

* * * * *

Our carnival concluded gaily with a *bal costumé* at one of the chrysocal-Carlist Notabilities of fashion. Ash-Wednesday brought omelettes and penitence for the French, and *petits comités* and the Italian opera for the English. We have now reached the end of Lent, and I am warned by hail-storms, the blossoming of the almond-trees, and of the milliners' shops into Longchamps fashions, that Eas'er is at hand. Another week, and I shall set forth upon a new pilgrimage.

What have I gained, I wonder, by my *séjour* on the Continent? Have I been as *désennuyée* as I expected—or have I grown wiser as well as merrier?—*Wiser* is, alas! a mighty word to apply to so light a thing as woman; but even Herbert the Gruff will admit that I am at least a trifle liberalized or de-conventionized by my trip. Of all the moral distempers prevalent in fashionable London, conventionality is certainly the most infectious. That world of the two thousand, with its weighty chains, if not of iron,

of chased gold,—its *codex argenteus* of little greatness, or great littleness, inscribed in silver letters upon purple vellum,—its studied ignorance of all things worth knowing,—its knowingness in all matters better consigned to oblivion,—that world of the two thousand obtained last year unlimited influence over my mind. Its narrow horizon became my universe, its sneer my law of reprobation; its plaudits, my voice of fame. But travel has taught me that *my* celestial empire is not (as my more than Chinese ignorance supposed) the centre of the terrestrial globe. I have lived where its ukases are unnoted, its interdicts inoperative. In laying aside my bigotry, however, let me be careful not to fall into atheism. Though prepared to rail with King Henry against “the idol ceremony,” and to admit the possibility of enjoying an airing in a carriage with mis-matched horses, and servants unliveried and unseemly, I must not carry with me to the land of etiquette *all* the rough-and-ready disorderlinesses of the Continent. An emancipated slave makes, I

believe, the worst of freemen ; but I hold myself enfranchised only from the bonds of fashion, and still retain my allegiance to the laws of society.

“ Ah, poor soul ! ” cried Madame de Mérinville, embracing me, when I went yesterday to pay her my *visite d'adieu*—“ now that the summer is at hand, you are about to commence your career of London dissipation, to suffocate yourself in stifling ball-rooms, and toil under an afternoon sun through a round of horrible morning visits. *Quelle corvée !* Diamonds, *coëffures de cérémonie*, silks and satins, in the month of June ! ”

“ And *you ?* ” said I, anxious to know her alternative for the only objects I have observed to occupy her attention.

“ I, you know, am less my own mistress than any body. Mérinville’s business in the Chamber, and mine at the Tuileries, chain me to Paris. But even *here*, we manage to enjoy the pleasures of the rural season. *D’abord*, our beautiful public gardens with their groves of chestnuts and lilacs, in whose shade we venture to sit and chat

during the hot weather without incurring forfeiture of *caste*. Then, our rides in the Bois de Boulogne, our concerts *en plein air*, our 'Tivoli, our Franconi."

"Believe me, London is not without its *pendants* to such amusements."

"But not enjoyable in the same easy way," cried my friend. "In the first place, you English bore yourselves with full dress for every thing, while in France it is held to the last degree vulgar to appear *en grande toilette* between Easter and Christmas. Our jewels, our finery are laid aside; a muslin gown and a pretty bonnet suffice for the gayest occasions."

"Even at Court?"

"Even at Court, when their Majesties have once established themselves at Neuilly or St. Cloud. But I am referring to my own position. People in general quit Paris for their country-houses the first week in May. We French have a foolish prejudice in favour of green woods and green fields, which induces us to migrate in flocks like wild geese on the approach of winter, and wile away its dulness in social pleasures,

returning to the country the moment the roses are in bloom. In this instance, as in coachmanship, *we* take the right of the road, and *you* the left."

In spite of Madame de Mérinville's sauciness, we parted good friends, and she has even promised to come and visit me next year, in the country with which she deals so unceremoniously.

The Marchioness de Bretonvilliers took leave of me with more courtesy, but less kindness. I had not seen her since her formal *diner de famille* of forty persons, in honour of the young Princess of Aspern's wedding, in which I was exclusively included. The chilling ceremonies of the signature of the marriage contract, and the overpowering dinner, impressed me unfavourably. Excuses are to be made for a royal *mariage de convenance*, but none for those of private life; nor shall I ever forget my sensations of sympathy in the false position of that lovely girl Malvina de Rochemore, when I saw her settled by a notary, like a "piece of meadow land," or "capital message," on a man with

whom she had never been allowed to hold ten minutes of confidential conversation.

Madame de Bretonvilliers, by the way, complimented herself and me, on the advantageous opinions I must have formed of French society. Few English, she said, enjoyed the opportunities conceded to myself of becoming acquainted with *les intérieurs* of the Faubourg St. Germain ; and it afforded her satisfaction that my views of Paris had not been limited to the vulgar mobs of the court of Louis Philippe, or the bad company of the *Chaussée d'Antin* !

— I have since had an unexpected insight into the paradise she represents as guarded by flaming swords against the approach of my country people. The Vauguyons, conscious of their want of hospitality towards a person by whose family their heir apparent was treated in England as *l'enfant de la maison*, insisted on giving me a farewell dinner ; and, stately as I had found the hotel de Bretonvilliers, its formalities were far exceeded by those of the hotel

de la Vauguyon. I admit, that there is something vastly grand-seigneurial in the aspect of the place and its inhabitants. Neither the Revolution nor the Usurpation seems to have exercised the slightest influence on its feudal attitude. The family occupy the whole hotel, as in those former times when every nobleman had his *appartement d'hiver* on the first floor, and his *appartement d'été* on the *rez-de-chaussée*, opening to the garden. The picture gallery boasts, in addition to several *chef-d'œuvres*, a variety of family portraits, from the middle ages and their coats of mail, to the age of Louis XV. with its coats of velvet ; while the exceeding ugliness of the arras hangings bespoke them to be antecedent to Colbert and his Gobelins. The society assembled in these antique saloons was in good keeping with the *local*. The men bowed rectangularly, as if accustomed to *porter l'épée* ; while the ladies spread their brocaded skirts over the massive *fauteuils*, as if unhabituated to garments of lighter texture. Their tone of conversation was as empty, but far less pompous,

than that of the Bretonvilliers set, which is less securely seated in its honours; and there was a kindliness and courtesy about the elder members of the Vauguyon family, which impressed me with a better idea of *le bon-ton d'autrefois*, than anything I have seen in Paris. Captivating, indeed, must have been those graces of manner which could throw a veil over the stern armour of feudal arrogance, and conceal the foul corruptions of "the reeling goddess with the zoneless-waist," whose worship succeeded.

I was singularly struck by the business-like tone of frankness with which the old Duchess and the Marchioness her daughter-in-law (mother to Alfred) alluded to the expectation they had once entertained of my becoming a member of their family. With a degree of coolness, which in England we should consider want of delicacy, they informed me that Alfred had written from Spa, setting forth his attachment, and the advantages of the match, his report of which having received due confirmation from their relation the ambassador in

England, they instantly sanctioned his proposals.

“But my grandson is neither a *fat* nor a fool,” said the Duchess, swallowing her five-and-twentieth *tablette de jujubes*. “Soon after your arrival in Paris he perceived that his attentions were not acceptable, and did ample justice to the honourable spirit in which you made him conscious of the fruitlessness of proceeding to definite overtures. We should have been infinitely flattered, Madame, to have received the cousin of our charming friend Lady Cecilia Delaval into the Vauguyon family; but, since it was not to be, we heartily thank you for enabling our dear Alfred still to pretend to the happiness of your friendship.”

I like the freedom from affectation of these people. Without seeking oracles of wisdom under the painted ceilings of the old hotel, I might perhaps have passed some pleasant hours in their society, had I not been apprehensive of encouraging the attentions of the little Count. There is something respectable in the mutual

dependence of the family union of the Vauguyons; the well-understood subordination of three generations united under one roof. I doubt whether I could myself endure to live as part of such a community, a mere sharer of the general affection. We English are neither born nor bred with the humility of hearts which renders marriage so much less awful a change *here* than among ourselves. When an English home becomes embittered by the consciousness of an injudicious choice, there is no refuge—no consolation. In *our* sense of wedded unity,

There where we have garnered up our hearts,
There either we must live, or bear no life.

Madame la Comtesse Alfred de la Vauguyon would be able to console herself for the ill-humours of a capricious *mari* in the tenderness of his mother, and agreeable companionship of his sisters, and chatty old grandmother. Mrs. Colonel Delaval had no resource but the echoes of an empty house when left alone, day after day, by a neglectful husband. And what a

waste, alas ! was her existence !—What a world of *ennui* was mine !

At all events, if I prefer as a wife, perhaps as a mother, the selfish exclusiveness of an English home, with its repellent street-door and protecting *chevaux de frise* of ceremony—as a grandmother I should fly to Paris. Frenchwomen seem to me to enjoy, after their *première jeunesse*, a second almost as delightful—an *été de St. Martin*, when midsummer and its roses are unregretted. But this *seconde jeunesse* supposes in French nature a certain hardness and polish of character, which causes the whips and stings of life to have glided off unfelt. *My* face and heart will wear many a scar and wrinkle before the arrival of autumn. However bright the sunset of my evening, the storms of the morning will leave their lingering tears to glitter on the leaves.

Apropos of the dinner of the hotel de la Vauguyon, I perceive that among all the blunders of all recent writers upon “Paris and the Parisians,” there exists a hankering, real or affected, after

the *petits soupers* of the last century. It happened that, at the period in question, Paris boasted two or three old women (Mesdames Geoffrin du Deffand and Baron d'Holbach,) able and willing to assemble at their tables the wits and literati of Paris; and, because the fashionable dining hour of three was inconvenient to professional men, supper was the meal selected for hospitality, and supper was thenceforward to become synonymous with wit and sociability. But in what do these nine-o'clock suppers differ from the seven-o'clock dinners of to-day, preceded as they are by the two-o'clock *dejeuner à la fourchette*, eaten also in England under the name of luncheon? Mrs. Trollope and her sister Intellectuals persist in alluding to these *petits soupers*, as if their feast of reason and flow of soul were unaccompanied by grosser viands than *gateaux à la Conti*, or Chantilly creams. But is it not written in the chronicles of the book of Marmontel, that Madame Geoffrin's suppers consisted of a *potage*, a roast fowl, a plate of spinach or other vegetables,

a dish of cutlets, and a salad, with a bottle or two of Bourdeaux, to be divided between nine or ten guests? and what is all this but an indifferent dinner—the *diner bourgeois* of a Parisian of the present day? There was no possible reason that Mrs. T.'s dinner at old Madame Constant's should not have been quite as "symposiactal" as the suppers of old Madame Geoffrin, her predecessor.

The coterie of the Abbaye aux Bois, on which Goody T. has modelled so many of her notions of Parisian society, is, in fact, as much a by-word here as the "*précieuses ridicules*" of the hotel de Rambouillet.

"As a votary of the incomparable De Staël, and an admirer of her amiable and intelligent daughter, Madame de Broglie," said my good old general, the uncle of Madame de Mérimville, when I interrogated him on the subject, "I occasionally visit Madame Recamier, and it grieves me to observe the *fadaiseries* into which the friends of my old friend have betrayed her. I meet at her house several dis-

tinguished literary men, whom I should rather qualify as men of letters than men of genius, and who, although rational enough in other times and places, begin to play the mountebank—the Monsieur Trissotin—the moment they set foot in L'Abbaye aux Bois! It is the tone of the place. Every one is expected to stand on his head; and a horse with five legs is supposed to have better paces than a horse with four. *Et puis*, they read their own tragedies, and cry at them—and their own comedies, and laugh at them. *Que voulez-vous?* The Abbaye aux Bois presents one of the most ridiculous scenes under the canopy of Heaven."

——Heigho! I wish these people would read *me* one of their comedies, (or tragedies, *which?*) that I might laugh in my turn, for, *sans rime ni raison*, I feel miserably out of spirits. Everything looks smilingly around me.

The first balmy breathings of spring are perceptible; the buds on the tree, the blossoms on the bough, and the birds waking up new

minstrelsy in the sunshine. Every thing seems joyous, every one seems happy; and shall I—I so rich in all the worldly attributes of happiness, presume to despond amid the general exultation of the season? Let me not be overmastered by an idle spirit of repining without motive and without justification. Let me be gay and glad like all things else upon the earth.

“There is a blessing in the air

Which seems a sense of joy to yield,
To the bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field,

One moment now may give us more

Than fifty years of reason,
If our minds drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts shall make,
Which they shall long obey.

And, for the year to come, we'll take
Our temper from to-day;”*

to-day—when the skies are so blue, the breeze so mild, the flowers so fragrant! *Allons!* to the Bois de Boulogne and its violets! away with care!

* Wordsworth.

One more week, and I shall be again in London; one more week and I shall have bidden adieu to this land of lightness and laughter, —lightness we know not whence, and laughter we know not wherefore. I fancy I should enjoy Paris during the spring, when the pleasures of the great world subside, and those of the little world commence. There is an out-of-doorishness about the French, with which the English climate does not impregnate English nature. A Frenchwoman of moderate pretensions finds sufficient enjoyment in spending three or four hours a-day under the shade of the orange trees, in the Tuileries gardens, exhibiting her own spring toilet and criticizing those of others; or, if a *bonne bourgeoisie*, with one eye upon the strip of embroidery she holds in her hand, and the other on two or three merry little children, skipping under the chestnut-trees or sporting on the gravel. Those who have an equipage, transfer the same enjoyments to the *gazon* of the Bois de Boulogne, and at night to Tivoli and Musard's concerts. London has grander and finer places

of diversion, but none which exhibit such cheerful faces. Our Englishwomen of fashion are too much occupied with their appearance, and the terror of sinning against some minor point of etiquette, or of sitting or standing near some person of equivocal distinction. All this imparts a fretful uneasy air, a look of envy, a look of disdain. There is always some Mordecai the Jew, of whose preferment we live in terror ; and the "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" of the comedy, is only dignified into "What would the Duchess of — think, if she heard of my being seen at such a place?" or "What would Lady Anne say, if she knew I visited such people?" A *Parisienne* is more self-assured, — a *Parisienne* is independent of Mrs. Grundy ! — a *Parisienne* enjoys the world with all her senses, and, perhaps, with that rarest of all, *common sense* !

* * * * *

St. James's Place. — Home, home at last ! — How clean, — how cheerful, — how comfortable ! I was shown at Mannheim the shabby dirty-look-

ing lodgings where the Thistledowns are economizing, in penance for the pleasure of one little year spent in this charming house. Poor people!—How must *they* long for England!—How must *they* miss the thousand trivial but essential conveniences, devised here for the civilization of human life!—What an air of decency and respectfulness about the servants,—what a feeling of homishness, in a house exclusively our own! The modes of life may be easier on the continent; but it is the ease of a beggar's ragged coat which has served twenty masters, and is twitched on and off till it scarcely holds together, in comparison with the decent close-fitting suit characteristic of a gentleman.

I have been spending the day with the Herberts at Mivart's Hotel, and even the hotel has a more comfortable and domesticated aspect than the private residences of Paris. My sister is looking ten years younger than last year—Herbert, ten years younger than ten years ago. I never saw two happier people. The children are at Trentwood Park, with good nurses and

a good-governess, and thither, in the course of three weeks, we shall remove together. Strange to relate, Herbert has at present found nothing to blame in me. He shook his head a little on recurring to the Vinicombe affair, but admits that Lady Maria's toady has made herself the laughing-stock of society this winter at Rome, and congratulates me on having got rid of her. Since their removal into Staffordshire, the Herberts appear to have seen nothing of Lady Hartston or her son. I inquired after Sir Henry's family, and in a few words dismissed the subject. In England, however, the name of Hartston meets my eye and ear at every turn. Of Lord H. the minister, newspapers and politicians take care that enough shall be said. But in Lord H. the minister I happen unluckily to feel less interested than in Lord H. the individual.

Dear Lady Cecilia ! I cannot express with what affectionate joy she has welcomed me home again ! The Clackmannans are not yet arrived from the north ; but she entertains sanguine

hopes of being able to effect more in Clarence's favour by a single personal interview, than by all the letters that have passed between them. Clarence is still at Vienna, and not to be recalled unless some definite arrangement is made with the Marquis.

My Baden friends, the Carringtons, are staying in the same hotel with my sister, which has procured me a visit from them more early than welcome.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Delaval? what a pretty house!" cried Mrs. C., as she entered my drawing-room; "how horridly bored you must have been by the *mesquinerie* of the Continent, after being accustomed to such a charming little home!"

"I have travelled in Ireland and Scotland, and am accustomed to take things as I find them," was my reply.

"But to be detained by illness at such a miserable place as Baden, after every soul was gone!"

"I was too much indisposed to wish for society."

"We got to Brighton in time for all the Christmas gaieties. But Brighton was not good this year. Such a set of people at the Pavilion; Sussex 'squires, and old Bushey and Hampton Court quizzes, who have been encouraged into notice;—all horrid bores."

"My dear Jane," faltered Mr. Algernon Carrington, convulsively, "recollect yourself; or, if not *yourself*, remember me!"

"You have nothing to do with the court,—have you?" inquired the giddy little woman, addressing me. "Oh! yes—I forgot—Lady Southam is your bosom-friend. Pray don't betray me; or, if you do, it is of no great consequence. It is but losing a stupid ball or so. How did you like Paris?"

"Very much; but, on the whole, I prefer London."

"So do I, when I am a thousand miles away from it,—I can't understand how it is. We go to Brighton for the winter,—we come to London for the season,—we go abroad,—we go every where; yet every place which other people find

amusing, bores *me* to death. In Italy, I died of the heat ; in Germany, of the dulls ; London is very well ; but one never sees the people one wants to see. Last night I was at Devonshire House : there was a concert, and Mr. Carrington managed to plant me beside old Mrs. Chesterfield, a Derbyshire dowager, deaf as a post, and talking at the top of her voice the whole time Malibran was singing. Imagine how I was bored ! Had you much music in Paris ?”

“ In society, very little. But there was the Italian Opera, and, for real amateurs, the *Conservatoire*.”

“ Poor Princess Dragonitski writes me word that Paris is detestable.”

“ The Princess finds herself reduced to a less important *rôle* than she has played elsewhere. Paris is the worst place in the world for assumed importance. Tell people with a grave face in London that you are Grand Duchess of Timbuctoo, and they will perform kotoo and Imperial Highness you accordingly. In Paris, no honours are given *à crédit*. In Paris,

Princess Dragonitski was only Princess Dragonitski. It was useless for her to proclaim that she had exercised autocracy in other places—that she was good for quint to a king. They made her show her cards—piqued, re-piqued, and capotted her—and, of course, she writes you word that Paris is detestable.”

“Don’t you find us all shockingly ill-dressed?”

“I find many shockingly *over*-dressed. I see fine ladies in their carriages, shopping or paying morning visits in the same *toilette* we wore in Paris for the opera.”

“True,—Frenchwomen cannot afford to be fine more than four months in the year; the rest of the time they dress like *chiffonnières*. It bores me to see my maid better dressed than myself, so I follow the *mode Anglaise*. By the way, is it true that you refused the Duke of Merioneth the other day at Paris?”

“Jane, Jane,” remonstrated Mr. Carrington, “shall I *never* be able to inspire you with a little discretion?”

“ Oh, if it is a secret, I am sure I don’t want to know.—Only the Duke is remaining in the country so late this season, and every body says it is because he has a *passion malheureuse* for Mrs. Delával. I suppose you have heard that Mrs. Percy is gone off?”—

“ Jane, my dear Jane,” resumed her husband, “ you know very well that Lady Grace Gosling saw Mrs. Percy get out of her carriage at her own door this morning. It was merely a scandalous rumour, and is already universally contradicted.”

“ Well, if she did not go *off*, she might as well have done so, for every one says things cannot go *on*. Lord Penrhyn was actually——”

“ Mrs. Carrington, I must really beg you to have more regard for yourself and me,” cried her spouse; “ God knows what may be the consequence of your putting such reports into circulation. If you intend me to accompany you to Somerset House, pray lose no further time.”

“ Oh! I had forgotten Somerset House. What a bore this hot day!—We shall positively be stifled!—But perhaps the sooner we get it over, the better. Good bye, Mrs. Delaval, you must come soon and dine with us.” And right glad was I to be delivered from the *ennuyée* and the *ennuyante*!—What right has a woman like Mrs. Algernon Carrington, who adds nothing to society but the weight of her own uselessness and inanity, to find so much fault with the tediousness of the world and its ways?

— Armine assures me that Herbert has never exhibited a single moment of ill-humour since he became rich and independent. How many people, whom the world calls fractious and disagreeable, are debarred from the free use of their faculties by the cause that rendered him morose. How easy for those on whom the claw of care has never imprinted its withering clutch, to be cheerful, chatty, witty, wise! The embarrassed man is absent, his mind is elsewhere; and those pleasures which serve to excite the spirits

of the prosperous are to *him* an importunate interruption. My brother-in-law's brow is now unbent; his wife and children are provided for; and I am every where saluted with compliments on the agreeableness of Sir Henry Herbert.

“ We are becoming quite the fashion,” said Armine yesterday, laughing heartily at my congratulation on her husband's altered demeanour. “ Your friend Lady Mardynville has invited us to dinner. The only person, perhaps, not quite satisfied with my promotion is my Hollybridge neighbour, Lady Tarrington, who, as she can no longer call me ‘ poor dear Mrs. Herbert,’ has omitted the ‘ dear,’ and I am become ‘ Lady Herbert,’ *tout court*. However, she was most kind to me throughout our cottage days; and, when she has passed a sociable week or two at Trentwood Park in the autumn, I hope we shall be as good friends as ever. She will want to give me advice about my establishment, my gardens, my schools,

and my ignorance will, perhaps, restore me to favour."

— London is even fuller and gayer than last season; and how immense the mass of population compared with what one sees at any given point in Paris!—What a visible distinction, too, in London, between the operatives and the inactives! Here, whole parishes,—certainly whole streets, like certain provinces in Hungary, seem aristocratised, and are inaccessible to trade. In Paris, mobility and nobility are closely amalgamated. The hackney-coach and the royal carriage jostle in the public drive; the footman and the shabby apprentice traverse unmolested the royal gardens. No exclusive squares, no exclusive gardens, no exclusive parks, where wealth and pride may purchase the privilege of walking upon dust of the earth unpolluted by "dirt" of the earth. *This* is the city for the feudalists,—*that* for the federals. I

certainly feel myself to have risen in importance since I returned to London, but I am not so sure that I am witnessing the greatest happiness of the greatest number !

“ How do you do, my dear child,” said old Lady Burlington, examining me from head to foot with deliberate scrutiny, when I went yesterday to deliver her a little packet from Madame de la Vauguyon. “ I am examining to see whether there is any thing about you new and striking enough to make you worthy of a very, very *recherché* little dinner I give to-morrow. We are sadly in want of something new this season. The saints, you know, are quite out of fashion. That sad business of the dear good doctor’s threw them into *mauvaise odeur* ; and now, scarcely a soul one knows goes to the Lock, except the old Marchioness who is *imbécile*, and the two old Lady Jigamaree’s, who can’t afford an Opera-box this year,—and want amusement. I have nothing young and pretty on my list, just now, that satisfies me. Mrs.

Crowhurst is grown too shocking. People won't meet her. Are we likely to have any good foreigners from Paris?"

"Princess Dragonitski talks of coming."

"Don't let her think of such a thing! She was worn threadbare before she went away."

"And there is a very pretty Princess Zabuschka, who will be here soon; a Pole, and who, unlike the Poles one finds and expects to find, is enormously rich. Her emeralds alone are said to be worth several millions of francs."

"Say guineas wherever you talk about her, and I will invite her the day she arrives to all my parties for the season!—She will be the very thing for me. Is there a Prince?"

"Two or three, I believe; *c'est à dire* that, *selon la mode de son pays*, she has divorced several times."

"Charming, charming!—almost as good as the Duchess of —, at Vienna, *qui se ruine en maris*. Sit down, then, at that little table, and

write me a pretty little note, to be given to Princess Zabuschka the moment she arrives.

“ But I know neither when she will arrive nor where.”

“ Never mind, it will be better to have the invitation ready, and all such people go to Grillon’s. Don’t touch those new pens, they are for ornament. You will find some mended ones in the drawer. My page mends me a dozen every morning before breakfast, while he is learning his catechism. There—now direct it, ‘Madame la Princesse Ramboosko.’ Why do you fold your notes in that odious way? *I* never open notes folded that odious way. No one folds notes that odious way but Lady Hoogley and a vulgar niece of mine, (what is the woman’s name?) Lady Thingumee in Brook Street. Good morning, my dear, you can leave the note for me at Grillon’s as you go past.”

And thus, young and old, nay, and aged, are steeped to the lips in the same levity in which

I left them immersed. Reform, revolutions, cholera, nothing seems to touch the giddy throng which, every spring, bursts forth like the butterflies into the sunshine of the season !

Last night, I proposed to Armine to accompany me to-day on a visit to our friend, Lady Southam ; but she pleaded an engagement, without acquainting me, according to her usual custom, with its nature. My curiosity excited by her reserve, I condescended to inquire whither she was going ; and to my surprise, she looked towards Herbert, and answered evasively, "She was going to set her husband down at his banker's, in Lombard Street ;" as if his own cabriolet could not have set Sir Henry down ; or even his wife's carriage, without compelling *her* to a tedious drive along Cheapside.

About four o'clock, as I returned from Isabella's, who made me a proposal about presenting Armine to the Queen, which rendered an answer from my sister indispensable, I drove to

Mivart's; and there sat her ladyship, quietly and calmly reading "Trevelyan," a book as graceful, gentle, and ladylike as herself.

I delivered my message, without seeming to notice her inconsistency; but in the course of conversation, it appeared that though Sir Henry was gone to the city, *she* had been to visit old Lady Hartston, at Kensington Gore. Now why should the Herberts have made a mystery to me of this visit? What interest have I in knowing or not knowing that the formal old dowager is come to town? I was almost angry, but said not a syllable respecting this precious mystery, lest I should vex my sister.

——Just returned from a round of shopping with the Herberts, to inspect the furniture about to be despatched to Trentwood Park. Some twenty years ago, I fancy, an idea of refinement was attached to the vocation of a man of taste. *Virtù* was then esteemed an accomplishment; and to furnish a house with elegance,

a feat as meritorious as to paint a good picture, or indite an essay in the Edinburgh Review. Times are strangely altered. Virtù is now as purchasable a commodity as the vases, statues, or antique hangings it serves to discriminate ; half the upholsterers, carpet, china, or bronze manufacturers we visited to-day have adopted a jargon parroted from the cast-off phrases of Beckford and Hope, which they apply *à tort et à travers* in a style highly amusing. Fonthill was, in short, a sort of "National Virtù Institution," where people were inoculated gratis.

It is singular enough, by the way, that the mysteries of this new faith should have been promulgated in England by the two most imaginative and forcible fictionists of the day—the authors of "Vathek" and "Anastasis."

It must be admitted, however, that these ornamental departments are wonderfully improved. Nothing could be more rich, more massive, than every thing selected by Herbert

for his library and dining-room. And libraries and dining-rooms, by the way, are departments of luxury peculiarly English. On the continent, they are simple, even to rudeness; the splendours of a great mansion being confined to the salon, with its gorgeous suite of hangings, fauteuils, sofas, and divans, whence an unmatching chair or footstool, such as our egotistical love of comfort introduces into even the finest of English drawing-rooms, would be rejected as a barbarism.

At present I find people less infatuated here with the Gothic furniture, and decorations in the style of *la renaissance*, which prevail in all the newly finished mansions of the Chaussée d'Antin; but these, as one of the Virtù-mongers assured us this morning, require to be "in such classical keeping," "in such well-studied tone," that it is dangerous to attempt them unless in the highest state. For my own part I consider such decorations most absurd when applied to the modern temple of Mammon of a Rothschild or

a Goldsmid; while in the palace of Fontainebleau, recently restored *à la moyen age*, the illusion is complete. Hartston Abbey, by the way, would produce a splendid effect, if refurnished by a judicious person in the style of *la renaissance*.

Herbert seems to have spared no cost or care in the arrangement of his house; but it seems that Sir Robert Herbert left a considerable sum in ready money, expressly bequeathed by his father for the express purpose of refurnishing Trentwood Park, which he wanted spirit to apply to its destination. The place will be in complete order before our arrival.

Yesterday, while the Herberts were sitting here, the Duke of Merioneth made his appearance, and addressed me with so much brotherly ease and cordiality, that I experienced not the slightest embarrassment at meeting him again.

"You are come at last, my dear Mrs. Delaval!" said he; "and before I have fully congratulated myself on your arrival, I learn

that we are again to lose you. What period have you fixed for this ill-timed journey into Staffordshire?"

"We shall be in London ten days longer."

"Then you will at least give me the pleasure of seeing you, with Sir Henry and Lady Herbert, at dinner, previously to your departure? My mother would be much disappointed, were Mrs. Delaval, whom she so greatly admires, to pass through London without gratifying her by an interview."

And it is accordingly settled that on Monday next we dine at Merioneth House.

"So, Harriet!" cried Herbert, the moment the Duke had quitted the room, "after all, the report that reached us from Paris was only one of the mysterious fabrications of that wonder-mongering fellow, Algernon Carrington?"

"What report?"

"That you had refused the Duke of Merioneth, and a jointure of thirty thousand a year."

“A jointure of thirty thousand a year! How could you suppose me so insensible!” said I, trying to laugh off his accusation. “What woman of your acquaintance but would marry Blue Beard himself on such a temptation?”

“To say the truth, I acquitted you. But the thing was talked of one day at the Club; and after Carrington had been rolling his eyes, shaking his head, and looking as mysterious as a high priest of Bel and the Dragon, Hartston observed, that nothing could be more probable;—he knew the Duke to be a great admirer of Mrs. Delaval, but that it did not follow Mrs. Delaval should be a great admirer of the Duke. All the world cried out, as *you* did just now, that not a woman breathing, from Mrs. Hannah More to Mrs. Fry, but was an admirer of strawberry leaves with a fortune of a hundred thousand a year. But I perceive, by the Duke’s manner, that the whole story was a fabrication—that you are a less philosophical lady than Hartston chose to suppose you; and

.

I shall quiz him without mercy on his credulity."

It might, perhaps, be Herbert's intention to pique me by this threat into declaring the real state of the case; but I had sufficient command over myself to keep the Duke's secret and my own.

The Clackmannans are arrived, and it seems to require the exercise of all the Marchioness's good-breeding to render her tolerably courteous towards myself. I met her at Lady Cecilia's, where a stormy explanation had taken place between the sisters. The Clackmannans are, if possible, more opposed than ever to the match; but Lady Alicia's health has become extremely delicate, and the parents, terrified for their darling, are willing to sacrifice their own authority and ambition for her sake;—they have, in short, pledged their word that the marriage shall take place at the expiration of a year, provided the young people continue in the same mind; and, in the interim, Alicia and Clarence are freely

permitted to correspond. Lady Clackmannan evidently looks upon me as one of the facilitators of the mischief; and Isabella Southam informed me yesterday, that whenever I am talked of, she expresses her opinion that "Mrs. Delaval is a romantic, flighty young woman." I suppose she has taken care to communicate these notions to her friend, Lord Hartston.

In the midst of all these family disputes, poor Cecilia has got a learned Pundit from the continent upon her hands, who is, just now, terribly *à charge*. I found him sitting with her yesterday, *she* looking like a tortoise in a menagerie, upon which some monster of a keeper has planted himself for the admiration of visitors—all shell, and not a glimpse of head discernible! Her faculties seemed actually *ecrasé*, benumbed, overpowered, by the weight of so prodigious a biped.

"People send one over these kind of creatures without the least consideration," said she, after his departure, "and what on earth is one

to do with them? Their letter of introduction contains an allusion to their celebrated works, (of which one has probably never heard a word before,) enabling one to get tolerably through a first visit; but after having expressed our delight and gratitude at the honour of making the acquaintance of an individual so eminent, and invited him to a dinner, where, in all probability, he bites his bread and spits under the tablecloth, one really cannot be expected to weary oneself with the rationalities indispensable to avoid making a figure in the note-book which the eminent individual is cramming with items, to be expanded into two quarto volumes of prose when he shall return to Greenland, or Tobolsk, or Timbuctoo, or New York, or the Ultima Thule, wherever it may be, to which the travels of the learned Pundit are to yield enlightenment. Besides, whom is one to invite to one's house to meet such a prodigy? The conversation-men like well enough to meet him once, in order to be wise or witty at his expense

at the next half-dozen places they dine at ; but when his face comes to be known at ministerial parties, Kensington Palace, and Lansdowne House, as ‘ the great Professor So-and-So, come to England to write a book,’ one might as well ask people to come and meet a *nouveau débarqué* from Grand Cairo, when the plague (the eighth plague) is raging in Egypt.”

“ Poor dear Cis ! ” cried I ; “ and so you are really under sentence to let this Solon of the snows come and prose to you about prison discipline and national debt ! ”

“ Exactly. At first the man talked to me rationally enough of society, literature, and the arts ; but I saw he was pumping for his book, and so diverted the conversation to subjects on which I must infallibly talk nonsense, utterly useless to him.”

I recommended her to make the monster over at once to old Lady Burlington, by persuading her that his skin is tattooed, or that he breakfasts upon snail broth ; after which he will

obtain free quarters in the Duchess's collection of monstrosities.

— What an affectation of listlessness prevails among our London fine ladies; or is it, after all, reality—the result of enervating habits? In Paris, people talk with eagerness of an approaching ball—go at the exact hour they are invited, intending to dance, and dance with satisfaction. They even say with frankness,—“*Quel désespoir si Monsieur Hope ne m'invite pas à son premier bal!*” or “*Mon dieu, je descendrais même à des bassesses pour avoir une invitation de Monsieur Delmar!*” Here, on the contrary, they descant upon “the bore” of going to Almack's or to Lady Londonderry's, as if it were an act of penance, and make their appearance at twelve or one o'clock, saying, “For Heaven's sake don't let us go too early; we shall have quite enough of it.” This, mark you, “is affectation,” and altogether dishonest. After all the toil and expense bestowed on a

London season—the twenty balls a night—the ten thousand people moving heaven and earth for invitations—are we to believe that the only individuals deriving entertainment from such vast efforts are only one or two hundred awkward, blushing girls, the *débutantes* of the year?

To the *débutantes* of last year, alas! the epithet of “blushing” is rarely applicable!—Shocked as I was by the prosy courtship and marriage of Matilde de Rochemore, I am far more so by the bold independence assumed by London young ladies—by the positiveness of their opinions, the knowingness of their jargon, and the self-seeking impertinence of their demeanour in society. Before my little nieces are old enough to be presented, I trust some happy medium will have been established, to suspend the necessity for match-hunting on the part of the naturally modest, timid girls of England.

—The first tinge of ill-humour I have seen

on Herbert's countenance since my arrival, was on returning from his club yesterday, the day of the dinner at Merioneth House. He was vexed with the Duke for having invited Lord Hartston to meet us. Yet, surely, nothing could be more natural than that he should collect at his table guests previously acquainted. On entering the drawing-room, Lord H. was the first person I discerned, standing beside the Duchess Dowager, to whom I was hastening to pay my compliments; and the flushed cheeks of which I was already conscious, arising from the embarrassment of finding myself the guest of the Duke after what had passed between us, were doubly dyed by the surprise of so unexpected a meeting. *Du reste*, the party was evidently made for me. The Delavals, the Southams, the Clackmannans; the Herberts—all my friends, were there. Just before dinner was announced, Lady Cecilia, who saw me in full dress for the first time since my return, observed, in an audible voice, "Harriet, my dear, do you know that you are grown very

thin? Lord Hartston, do you not find Mrs. Delaval looking very thin?" And his half-whispered reply was far too complimentary for me to repeat, even in my journal!

"Bravo!" cried Lady Cecilia, with her usual heedlessness. "My dear Harriet, *this* is evidently your house of triumph. I have seen you receive here, at different periods, the homage of two things unique after their kind—a yellow union-rose, and a compliment from Lord Hartston."

While she was talking in this rattling strain, I saw Herbert biting his lips, and looking very cross; but it was too late—his friend's compliment had been both paid and overheard.

In the course of dinner, the Duke having inquired whether he should meet me at the ball at Devonshire House on Friday, I replied in the negative.

"At Lady Ailesbury's, then, or Lady Cadogan's, or ——"

"You will meet me nowhere this season," said

I, interrupting his interrogatories;—"I am in London for so short a time, and tired myself so completely last year with a double season, that I shall pass my few weeks in town exclusively among my friends."

"I accept your presence here, then, as a double compliment," replied he; "and if you will repeat the favour of your visit at Hazelbank (which you were so kind as to admire last season), I will take care that you still find yourself 'exclusively among your friends.'"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Delaval, you *must* really come to Hazelbank," added the Duchess. "I have not been there yet this spring; and it will ensure me a pleasant day, if we can arrange a little party there under your auspices. In fact, I shall not visit Hazelbank, unless you promise to meet me."

In the evening we had a little music. Lady Alicia Spottiswoode sings Scottish ballads enchantingly; and I fulfilled my part in the concert by an air composed for Rubini in Bellini's

unpublished opera, which I learned at Paris from himself.

It seems, however, that in defiance of the determination I expressed to the Duke, I am *not* to remain altogether in the shade. At Sir Henry Herbert's earnest request, I accompanied Armine the other day to the Drawing-Room; and, in consequence of Lady Southam's presentation, we have both received invitations for the ball at St. James's on Monday next. I will not, *à la mode des fashionables*, affect to regret this; and such a ball is of course an exception that need not be cited against me. My preparations carried me this morning to my old friend Mrs. Hemstitch, from whom I learned that my *protégé*, young Forster, has obtained a step in his office, and is doing honour to me and himself; for which satisfaction, I am indebted to Lord Hartston.

— Our *déjeuner* at Hazelbank was, if possible, more charming than that of last year—

more charming to *me*, because the Herberts were there for the first time, and enchanted with the place. There were not above forty people present, including Prince and Princess Zabuschka, whom I requested the Duke to invite, with Alfred de la Vauguyon as their *cicerone*. Lady Alicia was looking beautiful. She is greatly improved this season; and, now that her anxiety respecting her engagements to Clarence is removed, is grown lively and conversible. As I was walking through the conservatories with the Herberts, admiring some exquisite botanical novelties, introduced since last summer, Lord Hartston, who accompanied us, picked a leaf or two from a geranium, and placed them in his button-hole.

"Is that geranium one of the scented kinds?" said I, carelessly. "I was not aware of it."

"Nor I," was his quiet answer. "To *me* it serves to commemorate a *souvenir*. I was standing by that very plant, and leaning against that

very pillar, last year, when for the first time you condescended to address me."

Fortunately, neither Cecilia nor Sir Henry overheard the compliment; the former would have been too much amused, the latter too angry. Before the close of the day, I received a still greater compliment from a different person. The Duke of M. having contrived to lead me by degrees apart from the rest of the party, down a beautiful *allée verte*, beside an old wall, overgrown with honeysuckles, inquired, in a very faltering voice, whether time and reflection might not have wrought some favourable change in my feelings towards him.

"I importune you on this subject," said he, "for the last time; but I would not willingly relinquish a pursuit so dear, and so warmly approved by all to whom my happiness is a matter of interest; without one further effort in my own behalf. Be kind, dearest Mrs. Delaval; be generous. I cannot promise you happiness

I can only promise every care, to make you happy, which the fondest affection and devotion can suggest. Tell me, then, am I absolutely hopeless of softening your resolutions against me?"

It was painful, if not difficult, to repeat my former answer; and my noble-spirited admirer was really so diffuse and so unguarded in the expression of his grief and disappointment, that I fear he was overheard by Herbert, who met us, with Lady Southam on his arm, at a turn of the shrubbery. The business, however, is now completely set at rest; I have succeeded in satisfying the Duke that I know my own mind.

— This morning, according to an appointment made yesterday at Hazelbank, I accompanied the Duchess of Merioneth to the exhibitions at Somerset House, and the Water Colours; and, having recently visited the *exposition* by modern artists, at the Louvre, was not a little gratified to observe the eminent superiority of

my own countrymen. On entering every modern public gallery, whether in France or England, the eye is disagreeably struck by a number of glaring daubs, the production of young or talentless artists; but a second glance brings to view in Paris the graceful elegant portraits of Dubufe, a variety of infinitely clever *tableaux de genre*, and many meritorious specimens of sculpture—upon which art the French government bestows liberal patronage; while in England our steps are soon arrested by *chef-d'œuvres*. The fine characteristic portraits of Phillips, Briggs, Pickersgill—the striking compositions of Wilkie, Leslie, Mc Clise, and Cattermole—the exquisite works of Edwin Landseer—the fine landscapes of Callcott, Constable, Stanfield, Daniell—the wonders of Martin and Danby—the busts of Chantry—the groups of Westmacott—are such as to render one proud of the state of the fine arts of Great Britain, compared with all contemporary schools. But the foregoing names are great and established, and a

lover of the arts will find in almost every gallery in London delicious specimens of English landscape and composition, by artists comparatively unknown, such as in other countries would be applauded to the skies. Fortunately, the patronage of England lies with the public; and these pictures are purchased by wealthy individuals, of names equally obscure, and taste equally refined. I observed, by the way, in Paris, that water-colour drawings, by well known English artists, command enormous prices, nay, twice as much as the sketches of Camille Roqueplan, or Tony Johannot; for it is *du bon-ton* for a *boudoir* or fashionable album to be graced by these charming exotics. . . . What presumption on the part of those who affect to despise the exhibition at the Royal Academy,—a display which men of genius have laboured to enrich with a hundred original efforts of fancy, or views of the ever varying beauties of nature!

The Duchess made several purchases, which she presented to her son, for Hazelbank; among

others, some clever zoological epigrams, by Hancock, and a pair of beautiful landscapes, by Chambers and Wilson. There was a sketch by Mc Clise, of which I longed to possess myself; but alas! *I* have neither house nor home in which to place it. My tenancy in St. James's Place expires in a few months; and then what will become of me and mine?

Tuesday.—I am glad to have been present at the Royal Ball; first as regards the distinction conferred on myself; and secondly, as regards the enjoyment of a pleasant evening. I was anxious, too, for an opportunity of seeing Princess Victoria, concerning whose appearance I was so often interrogated on the continent. Her Royal Highness is grown since I saw her at the drawing-room last year; has a very pleasing countenance and manner, and bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of the late Princesses Charlotte and Amelia. Had I not known her to be the heiress presumptive, I should have

noticed her as a fair, elegant, Saxon (or rather *English*) looking girl.

The Queen's ball was far from so brilliant as that of the Tuileries, the apartments being neither so lofty nor so well lighted. But the whole thing bears closer examination. The *men* have twice as much the air of gentlemen as the French courtiers; and, if I may presume to decide upon my own sex, I should say that, although Frenchwomen are better dressed, the English are better looking. The sons and daughters of Louis Philippe, all so handsome, and of so distinguished an appearance, impart, indeed, peculiar interest to the *fêtes* at the Tuileries; but, in this respect, the Court of England will soon acquire a new feature, and the suitors likely to throng around our royal Portia, the object of such deep and national European interest, will lend a charm even to the gew-gaw palace at Pimlico.

As I declined dancing, the Duke of Merioneth, who wished to engage me the moment I entered

the room, obtained the hand of Lady Alicia, and they had a place assigned them in the quadrille with the young princess. I stood for some time with Lady Southam and the Herberts, talking over the Rhine with Lord Hampton, who is just returned from Italy. But the moment Lord Hartston could disengage himself from the royal party, he came to us, and scarcely left us throughout the evening. He took me into the supper-room, which was much better served than that at the Tuileries, though affording a less striking *spectacle*.

— Lady Southam has asked me to accompany her to-night to the Royal box at Drury Lane, to hear Malibran ; so I must hasten to dine and dress. In London, everything must be dressed for.

We had no one with us at the theatre but Lord Southam and a rather pleasant Mr. Warburton, who is in some way or other attached to the Court. As Lord Hartston heard us make the engagement, I thought it likely he might

visit our box, not remembering that an important question was before the House, which rendered his absence impossible. Malibran, however, was sufficient; Malibran, whom I heard for the first time, and could see and hear for ever. She is the first operatic performer I have seen who strikes me as a woman of genius. Gristi has *talent*, but Malibran infinitely more. Whether singing or acting, she engrossed my whole attention while on the stage, and haunted my dreams all night.

Thursday.—I have just had a visit from Cecilia, whom I had not seen since the breakfast at Hazelbank. *She* has never been invited to the Queen's balls; a circumstance to which she avoids all allusion, but which I suspect is a source of great vexation, for she has a fit of nervous illness whenever they take place.

"Why did you not come and see me on Tuesday?" she inquired, in a peevish tone.

"I was tired after the ball, and dined early, to go to the play with the Southams."

"The play! Who ever goes to the play, except school-boys during the holidays, to see the pantomime?"

"I went to hear Malibran, and enjoyed it as much as a school-boy."

"Malibran!—what on earth has Malibran to do with the play?"

"She is performing all her best parts at Drury Lane."

"How strange! I never hear anything that is going on; no one ever takes the trouble of telling me anything. And why did you not come to me yesterday?"

"I went with the Herberts into the city, to buy some old tapestry in St. Mary Axe. It was so far that—"

"You might as well have gone to the moon at once. The truth is, I was dying for you to go with me to Almack's last night. If you had

called, I should have persuaded you, and we would have gone together."

"I do not think you *would* have persuaded me. I have lost all taste for balls. What object have I in going?"

"Nonsense! You are crossed in love, or ambition, or vanity, and fancy yourself disposed to turn hermit. You would have enjoyed Almack's exceedingly. But I *had* an object in going. I hear the Duke of Merioneth is paying attention to Alicia, and I wanted to observe them together."

"They danced together at the Queen's ball," said I, not wishing to give her any insight into what had so recently passed between the Duke of Merioneth and myself; "but I did not observe any unusual attention on his part."

"And on hers?"

"Nothing! Lady Alicia was looking lovely, when noticed by the Queen and Princess Augusta; acquitted herself with her usual graceful ease; and when Lady Mardynville came

up, immediately afterwards, and pestered her with obsequiousness and civilities, nothing could be more high-bred than her manner."

"You were with the old Duchess at the exhibition. Did *she* say nothing to you about Alicia?"

"Nothing. She rarely notices any young people."

"Or about the Clackmannans?"

"No! I have formerly heard her admire the Marchioness; but I fancy she thinks her too much of a politician."

"I wish we had gone to Almack's and decided for ourselves!" ejaculated Cecilia, with a deep sigh.

"Decided on what?"

"Have I not told you that I am just come from Howell and James', where I met that odious Lady Mardynville; who actually congratulated me before half London on the probability of my niece Lady Alicia Spottiswoode's marriage with the Duke of Merioneth!"

"Merely because she happened to see them dancing together at the Queen's ball, and wanted you and half London to know she had been there."

"By no means. She assured me they danced together three times last night at Almack's, and that the Duke never quitted Alicia's side."

"I should not trust implicitly to the testimony of such a woman as Lady Mardynille."

"Certainly not; but on the strength of her intelligence, I went straight to Lady Lancaster, who keeps a log-book of the movements of all unmarried Dukes; and from her I obtained full confirmation of the whole history."

"Singular enough."

"I know my sister. I saw a match would fulfil her utmost desires for her girl; and will be the means of overthrowing all our projects for Clarence."

"Impossible; the Clackmannans have given their word."

"Conditionally—if the young people continue

in the same mind till the end of the year. Supposing Alicia should not continue in the same mind? Suppose her inclinations should be influenced by the brilliant position of the Duke of Merioneth?"

"In that case, my friend Clarence is much better without her."

"What would you have? Alicia is but a mere child! What should she know of principle, or even of her own feelings?"

"Strong arguments, surely, for breaking off her engagement with her cousin. Such a person as you describe, is most unfit to become a wife."

"Ah! I see how it is,—you have joined the cabal against me! This will be the death of my poor boy! It is all over with my poor boy!"

And with some difficulty I recovered her from a fit of hysterical tears, by persuading her that she has no immediate grounds for alarm. Now, however, that Cecilia has called the circumstances to my mind, I remember pointing

out, at the Queen's ball, the beauty of Lady Alicia to the notice of the Duke.

"She is, indeed, a pretty little creature," was his reply. "I fancy she passes a good deal of time in your company."

"I have seen but little of her lately. Last season, we used to ride together daily; our mutual connection with Lady Cecilia Delaval, took me much into Lady Clackmannan's society."

"I thought so," answered the Duke. "There is something in Lady Alicia's deportment which reminds me strongly of yourself. It struck me last autumn, during your absence, when I was staying at Clackmannan Court. Nothing is more catching than manner. I shall try to ascertain whether the resemblance holds good in other respects." And immediately afterwards he engaged her to dance, which seems to have been the beginning of their intimacy.

I do not suspect Lady Alicia of the slightest levity; yet I should not much wonder if the

unsuspecting naiveté of her character were to lead her to encourage attentions perceptible to all the world but herself, and likely, if unkindly reported, to cause extreme pain to her cousin. Were I to warn her on the subject, Lady Clackmannan might consider it an impertinent interference, and perhaps attribute my solicitude to envy or jealousy: nay, were I even to apprise the Duke of Alicia's engagement, even he might imagine me desirous of recalling his attentions to myself. In short, I must leave the matter to the fates, and hope the best for Clarence.

The time approaches for quitting London; and, although the summerishness of the weather pleads strongly in favour of Staffordshire, I confess I am sorry to go. I enjoy London far more now that I am standing aloof from the vortex, than last season, when not a moment of my time was my own. I see all the people I like, I keep what engagements I like; in short, I am thoroughly independent. No George

Hantons or Lord Penrhyns approach me now sufficiently near to endow them with the privilege of impertinence, and I begin to flatter myself I have made a few friends. Yesterday, to my great surprise, old Lady Hartston called here, and expressed with so much real feeling her joy at the change in Herbert's fortunes and temper, and, consequently, in the destinies of his excellent wife, that she quite won my heart. She did not mention her son till she was taking leave.

"I believe you sometimes see Eustace?" said she,—“How do you find him looking?—Most people think him miserably altered since he came into office.”

“I have been in company with Lord Hartston a few times since my return to England,” I replied, with as much indifference as I could assume, “and have known him so short a time, and so slightly, that I am no judge of his looks. His duties are very anxious ones; I am not

surprised that he should be harassed by their responsibility."

"Nor I," was the old lady's abrupt reply; and, with another shake of the hand, she quitted the room.

Is Lord Hartston looking ill, I wonder, that his mother should be thus uneasy; and am I in truth a careless observer of his appearance?— Oh! that I dare sit calmly down, and interrogate my own feelings on the subject! But I have not courage. The question too nearly involves my happiness, and the result is too wholly beyond my controul. I certainly feel that, since my return to England, during the last fortnight, Lord Hartston's manners towards me have become strangely softened; and that his own demeanour now demonstrates the preference which before I had only occasion to learn from Herbert's ebullitions of temper. But what then? His mind is too fastidious to admit of the possibility of his attaching himself with the

degree of infatuation which I should esteem attachment. Even supposing him to be actually in love as much as his nature will admit, it is not the sort of exclusive love that would satisfy my *exigeance*. Better dismiss him from my thoughts, and turn my steps, or my horses' heads, towards Trentwood Park and rural philosophy.

— Mr. de Rawdon, the *attaché*, who has just arrived from Paris, informed me this morning that, at the desire of his cousin, Lady Maria, he transmitted to England, some weeks ago, by the bag, a huge MS., containing “Sketches of Italy with a patent-Perryian, by Wilhelmina Clarinda Vinicombe, dedicated to her friend the Right Honourable Lady Maria de R——,” and intended for immediate publication. What have I not lost ! Pray heaven the literary lady may not have taken it into her well-wigged head to *commencer par le commencement*, and favour the public with an account of our *niaiseries* on the Rhine ! If people *must* write journals and diaries of their proceedings by sea and land, why not

keep them to themselves as carefully as I do? Which of our islanders, unless, perhaps, Edward Bulwer, is privileged to treat of so sacred a subject as "Italy and the Italians?" for the same reason that his brother Henry had a right to enlarge upon "Paris and the Parisians;" that, while studying the character of all classes of society, he was warmly welcomed into the highest, and "best can paint them, who has seen them most."

Sunday.—I went to the Opera last night *pour écouter le ballet* (which, in defiance of all precedent, I confess that I prefer *here* to the mismatched acts and scenes they give under the same denomination at the Académie Royale), as well as to make my observations on the proceedings of the Clackmannan *clique*. I begin to fear Lady Cis's intelligence is correct. The Duke never quitted their box; and, though Lady C. pursued her usual policy of sending Lady Alicia home to bed before the ballet was

half over, because it was Saturday night, and the week has been a week of dissipation, I am convinced she is doing her utmost to favour the growing *penchant* of the Duke. I shall say nothing on the subject to Cecilia. If the daughter be really fickle, and the mother designing, Cecilia's utmost endeavours will not frustrate their plans; and she will only get herself into trouble by the susceptibility of her temper.

Lady Alicia's engagement to Clarence is not even suspected by the world; and every one seems to notice the attentions paid her by the Duke of M. The Carringtons stood near me last night, as I was waiting, upon Sir Jervis Hall's arm, the announcement of the carriage.

"Pray did you observe the tremendous flirtation to-night between Lady Clackmannan's little nonentity of a daughter and the Duke of Merioneth?" said she, so loud as to be heard by half-a-dozen indifferent people.

"Jane—Jane!" remonstrated her husband,

—"what right have you to make any such observation? The Duke may seriously resent premature comments on his attentions. I beg you will be more considerate."

"If people do not intend to be talked about, why do they bore one with a public exhibition of their tender passions? Who wants to witness their wooings? I would as soon sit looking a whole evening at a fond shepherd and shepherdess in Chelsea china, as bore myself with watching the sweet smiles and soft glances of two noble ninnies in an opera-box."

"Jane—Jane—!"

"More especially with such a hawk-eyed chaperon on the watch as Lady Clackmannan; who, with all her philosophy and propriety, is as keen after—"

"Jane! the carriage is called,—Jane, the carriage will drive off!" interrupted Algernon Carrington, dragging her off in dismay, though I am certain no carriage was announced. And by this time the lady has probably circulated

her flippant remarks, through a round of morning visits.

Monday.—I accompanied the Herberts this morning to the musical festival, and was gratified even beyond my expectations. Sacred music is a branch of the art cultivated in England with unparalleled success. They may talk of the correctness of the choruses in Germany; but a young English voice is so sweet and pure that it is well worth more *powerful* organs. How truly do I enjoy the music of Handel when separated from the buzz-wigs and dowagerhood of the Ancient Concerts, which always seem to me to smell of Bishops!—These popular musical festivals must greatly tend to the diffusion of musical taste. To-night, I have had my parting tea-drinking *tête-à-tête* with Cecilia, who is in miserable spirits; and to-morrow, “the glorious 1st of June,” we take wing for Staffordshire. Heigho!

Trentwood Park, June 3rd.—This is truly what poor Lady Cecilia would call “a love of

a place ;"—so grassy-green, so lightsome, so pleasantly situated. As far as regards my own taste, I might prefer the majestic gloom of Hartston Abbey ; but Trentwood is exactly assorted to the social position of the Herberts. It gratifies me to perceive that Sir Henry has exclusively studied the comfort and convenience of my sister in his domestic arrangements ; and, with her four healthy, happy children around her in such a home, Armine would be very different from the amiable creature she is, could she experience an hour's discontent. The children were almost *too* happy in welcoming us ; and even aunt Harriet came in for her share of love and kisses. But is it not very soon, at six-and-twenty, to sink for life into "aunt Harriet," without one nearer tie to existence than the secondary affections bestowed by those whose hearts are so warmly attached elsewhere ?

This removal to the country, in the midst of the stir and tumult of the season, has made me melancholy. The silence of Trentwood oppresses

me. The Herberts, indeed, have an interest here in which I cannot participate. This is their home, their happiness, their world. To me it is a beautiful spot, embellished by the presence of my sister and her family, but nothing more. My egotism demands something nearer and dearer to rest upon; something wholly or almost my own. I have sometimes thoughts of taking Hollybridge, of which he has a long lease, off the hands of my brother-in-law. But Hollybridge is too near to Hartston Abbey; and the world, or perhaps even my conscience, might accuse me of a desire to approximate myself to the family.

Whenever I walk or drive with Herbert and Armine, their attention is so engrossed by projects or progresses of improvement, that I might as well be at Andernach. Sir Henry is making his wife a flower-garden surrounding a charming conservatory; and all I have to do is to play the umpire in their differences of taste. The park is extensive, watered by my

own dear Trent, and skirted by beautiful woods. I sometimes wander out alone, book in hand, as an apology for companionship, to enjoy the fresh verdure of the early summer; and when is the country so beautiful as now, with its springing and flower-enamelled grass, its cone-blossomed chestnut trees, the voice of the cuckoo in the woods, or the distant sound of coming rain promising to refreshen and re-invigorate all nature into still brighter brightness? What is there in all this to depress my spirits? yet I feel more lonely here, amid the tranquil, graceful landscapes of Trentwood, than last year, when ill and unhappy in a foreign country. I fear my restless spirit is wanting in

“The wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.”

How difficult, in this world of equivocation, to speak truth even to oneself! Were I to entrust my thoughts in all honesty to my journal, I should acknowledge some disappoint-

ment that, notwithstanding the good understanding beginning to prevail between Herbert's friend and myself—notwithstanding the undisguised nature of his homage to me at Hazelbank, at the Queen's ball, and elsewhere—he should have permitted me to leave town for an indefinite period, without a syllable in explanation of his sentiments. I ventured to inquire of Armine, in a careless manner, the other day, whether Lord Hartston were likely to visit Trentwood in the course of the autumn; but she told me frankly that Herbert had not even invited him; that Lord H. had much to occupy his attention at the Abbey during his limited holidays; that, when at leisure, he usually visited the Isle of Wight for yachting; that Trentwood was too far from town for his convenience;—in short, that there was not the least idea of his coming.

This is strange. I half suspect that Sir Henry is careful not to expose him to the

danger of my presence! Truly he is a most valuable and considerate friend!

I know not why, but the summer season invariably renders me more *triste* at heart than the winter. In winter, when the winds howl and the stormy rains descend, the earth seems divided into countries, climates, provinces, *homes*, and every family becomes self-dependent. In summer, one soft and balmy atmosphere appears to enwrap the earth, and call forth its inhabitants to enjoyment. United into a single tribe, the world becomes too wide, when I remember that to its collected multitudes *I* am nothing—to none indispensable, and having no one indispensable to *me*; and thus the summer redoubles my sense of loneliness. I hear the murmur of the insects in the air, the song of the birds in the woods, the remote laughter of the children in the village, the whistle of the solitary herdsman in the fields, the far-away

interchange of joyous voices—every thing is so joyous and joy-bestowing, that I turn to my solitary heart, and am ready to weep for very weariness of life.

— I have just received a letter from Cecilia, informing me that the Duke of Merioneth scarcely leaves Lady Clackmannan's house; and that her husband, instead of sympathizing in her vexation, admits himself to be enchanted.

“Never,” she says, “did I see Sir Jenison in such spirits. He fancies that an early marriage would have been the ruin of Clarence, who has merely fallen in love with the pretty face that came first in his way, and is totally unfit for the cares of a settled life. On the other hand, to remonstrate with Alicia is out of my power, for my sister takes care that I shall never see my niece alone, and that no letters shall reach her hands without previously passing through her own. That my poor boy

should be sacrificed to such abominable perfidy, is really too severe a mortification."

Clarence Delaval certainly appears to be unhandsonely used by the Clackmannans; and all this is the more vexatious because, having taken on myself to write to my good brother-in-law at Castle Delaval, in favour of the young man who must ultimately become his heir, William Delaval, with his usual gruff good sense and warm good feeling, replied to my application only yesterday, that he considered the objections of the two fathers cogent ones; but that if the young people showed any stability of mind by fulfilling the conditions exacted, he would do a kinsman's part in favour of his relative. I shall not acquaint poor dear Cecilia with the contents of Mr. Delaval's letter: his kindness would only serve to aggravate her present vexation.

Sir Henry is just now exclusively occupied with the arrangement of his library, which is

large and valuable; and it is amusing to note the patience with which Armine stands beside him watching his operations, as referee of his doubts and confirmer-general of his opinions. After having once expressed my conviction that the old oak carvings ought not to be varnished, and that a Turkey carpet would be the best muffler of sound in a library, to both which opinions Herbert acted in direct contradiction. I withdrew my voice from the family council; nor is it possible for me to sympathise with wife-like delight in my brother-in-law's triumph, whenever he detects among his mismatched treasures a Wynkyn de Worde or Caxton in good preservation. *My* value for books is in proportion to the satisfaction I derive from their perusal—and so, I suspect, is Armine's; yet *she* contrives to interest herself in all the pursuits of her husband, and sullies without hesitation her white dress and still whiter hands with sorting out odd volumes under his direction. In the same way, when they walk out together,

she listens with unwearied ears to his dissertations on forest trees, or his consultations with his bailiff respecting a great fall of timber which is to take place at Trentwood in the course of the autumn. This is the spontaneous result of her conjugal attachment. She is not aware that she is making a sacrifice of her time and tastes to her husband; and the nature of an affection such as this I have yet to learn. Even in the earliest moments of my marriage, when my girlish fancy endowed Colonel Delaval with a thousand supposititious merits, I certainly never felt inclined to pass my mornings with him in his stables, to which the greater portion of his time was devoted; and now what hope that I should *ever* learn to love so as to become thus unconsciously enslaved? None! it is too late—it is *unhappily* too late; for in such illusions exists the most hallowed charter of human felicity.

The Southams have arrived at their castle, which is only eight miles distant from Trent-

wood; and the society of Isabella (who, though an excellent wife and mother, is by no means so exclusively absorbed in her family as dear Armine) will be a relief to my feelings. I shall drive over to Southam Castle, and learn the latest news from London—not to-morrow, however, for, among the many kind actions performed by Herbert on coming to his estate, was that of recalling from the neighbourhood of our old cottage a veteran servant of my poor father, who had been pensioned off by my aunt in the adjoining village; and a charming cottage has been built for him adjoining some ancient almshouses—a foundation of the Herbert family within the very walls of the park. Sir Henry respected the pride of Corporal Worgan too much to place him in one of these, and the old soldier has been living at the hall while the cheerful mansion was preparing, of which to-morrow he is to take possession. We have all assisted to furnish the corporal's retreat; and my little nephew, Montresor Herbert, is to present

him with what will be the most valued of his new possessions—a copy of the picture of my father. Worgan's widowed daughter will keep house for him ; and the veteran of Toulouse, with his pipe in his mouth, and the effigy of his lamented general presiding over his fireside, will pass his remaining years in peace and content. All this was most kindly devised by Herbert, as a gratification for his wife.

Trentwood.—Just returned from a visit of a week to Southam Castle. I was mistaken in my calculations respecting Isabella ; Lady Southam in London and Lady Southam in her own home are two very different beings. Her school-room, her ménage, her village, her everything that is hers and her husband's, occupy her whole care and attention. I saw that it was only by an effort of politeness, or rather kindness, she could sufficiently abstract her attention to talk to me of books, pictures, men, and things unconnected with her family interests ; and this

is so different a mode and mood from any which circumstances have ever made natural to my feelings, that to me it appears incomprehensible. Yet an intensity of family predilection may be, perhaps, essential to the good-government of the world. But for this spirit of self-concentration; the homes of England would not, as they do, afford a model for the imitation of mankind. Lady Southam has not a moment unoccupied, a faculty unemployed; while I, all idleness and listlessness—heigho! let me cease to dwell upon the subject.

To-day, the Southam Castle party dine here, with two other neighbouring families; the Dunbars, with whom I was acquainted in London, and a Mr. and Mrs. Tollemache, of Oakham Hill. No fear now of a recurrence of that unlucky dinner scene in New Norfolk Street! Sir Henry's new establishment is admirably organized, and all goes smoothly as by clock-work. We shall have a pleasant party.

— Gracious heavens ! what an unforeseen calamity ! How reduce my ideas to coherence, sufficiently to record it in these pages ! Let me by degrees recall my wandering thoughts, and dismiss these terrors that overpower me.

The London post arrives at Trentwood between six and seven o'clock ; so that I had scarcely time to glance over a long letter from Lady Cecilia, without even opening the newspapers. Dinner was announced a few moments after I entered the drawing-room, before any general conversation had taken place ; but having assumed our places at table, Mr. Tolle-mache suddenly addressed Herbert with “ By the way, Sir Henry, does your paper give any details relative to this sad affair of Lord Harts-ton ? ”

“ What affair ? ” inquired my brother-in-law, coolly continuing to help the fish, and attributing the observation of his neighbour, who belongs to the Opposition, to some political question.

"*What* affair? Is it possible that you have not seen the "*Times*?" Is it possible that you have no letters from London?"

"They were given me just as you arrived, and I did not give myself time to open them," replied my brother-in-law; "has anything particular occurred?" And in a whisper he directed the butler to bring from his own room a packet of letters. Mr. Tollemache seemed unwilling to reply, till Herbert earnestly repeated his question.

"One never likes to be the bearer of bad tidings. Lord Hartston is, I fear, your personal friend?"

"My dear Tollemache, for the love of God speak out," cried Lord Southam, compassionating the state of Herbert's feelings, "Hartston is my friend as well as Sir Henry's: what has happened to him?"

"I am grieved to say that Lord Hartston was assassinated on Tuesday evening as he was leaving the House of Commons."

"Assassinated,—dead?" ejaculated Herbert, starting from his chair, and again sinking into it, incapable of uttering another syllable.

"No, not dead, dangerously wounded," replied Mr. Tollemache. "The ball was not extracted when the paper went to press. You had better read the account yourself," he continued, as the servant laid the letters and newspapers before his master. Herbert instantly rose from table and left the room with the letters in his hand. Not a word was spoken; Armine sat pale as death; and it is to be hoped that *my* countenance passed unexamined.

"I am truly sorry that I happened to mention the fact at so unlucky a moment," said stupid Mr. Tollemache, regretting only that the progress of dinner was interrupted; till at last Lord Southam, tired of his unmeaning apologies, asked permission of my sister to follow her husband for further information.

How horrible was the suspense that followed! I scarcely know what passed. Observa-

tions were addressed to me which I could not answer; questions were asked which I could understand. I sat with my eyes fixed upon the door, while the mechanical business of the dinner proceeded around me. At length, just as I felt conscious of my incapability to endure the suspense of another second, and was on the point of rushing out of the room in search of my brother-in-law, Lord Southam returned and took his place.

“Go to your husband; your friends I am sure will excuse you,” I heard him whisper to Armine, as he resumed his seat; and while she hastened to obey, he briefly, and in a depressed voice, informed us that Herbert was about to set off for London; that Lord Hartston, whose case, though one of imminent danger, was not desperate, had expressed a wish to see his friend.

“But what can possibly have been the cause for attacking a man so worthy and so popular?”

inquired Lady Southam. "What can have been the motive of the assassin?"

"As far as the examination at present tends to explain, mere mental delusion," replied her husband. "The delinquent is a middle-aged man, who states himself to have been aggrieved by Government. He arrived lately in England from one of the West-India colonies, demanded an audience in some irregular way of the Secretary of State; was refused; and, having made his way into the lobby of the House, resolved to wreak his vengeance upon one of the Ministers: it seems to have been a matter of indifference to him *which*,—the man is evidently in a state of derangement."

"How grievously unfortunate that the wretch should have chanced to fall in with our friend!" ejaculated Isabella; a sentiment that was loudly echoed by all present.

"When did the event occur?" was the first inquiry I found courage to make.

“Two nights ago. Herbert’s letters were written after Astley Cooper and Brodie had examined the wound, and given a more favourable opinion than the first aspect of things seemed to promise.”

“How long will it take for Herbert to reach London?” was my next question.

“Fourteen hours, using the utmost despatch. Post-horses are sent for, but cannot be here under an hour.”

“Will my sister accompany Sir Henry?”

“He does not wish Lady Herbert to encounter so unnecessary a fatigue.”

In fine, Herbert quitted Trentwood in his britshka and four at half-past eight last evening, and Armine, though all anxiety to accompany him on his painful errand, acceded to his request.

— Thank heaven, our guests are gone !
Thank heaven, I am now at liberty to combat alone, and unobserved, the horrible presentiments that overwhelm me ! He will die—I know that he

will die !—So young, so honoured, in the zenith of his career :—poor, poor Lady Hartston !

* * * *

It is not till the day after to-morrow we can receive tidings from Herbert, and to-day's papers will bring only a recapitulation of the intelligence contained in the letters which summoned him to town. Alas ! they *may* contain later intelligence. They may contain tidings of the fatal termination of Lord Hartston's sufferings.

* * * *

I have no patience with Armine. I am obliged to lock myself into my own room, that I may not be harassed with her lamentations over the necessity of Herbert's absence, and her apprehensions that he will suffer from fatigue or take cold. That she should assign importance to such trivialities at such a time !

* * * *

The post is come in. More letters for Herbert with the London post-mark, and I cannot persuade Armine to open them. The newspapers

contain the second examination of the assassin Barnard, proving him beyond all question to be a lunatic; and a somewhat less favourable report of our friend. The bulletin states him to have passed a feverish, restless night. The letters, no doubt, are more explicit.

* * * *

Will this day ever be over! At last I see the groom crossing the bridge with the letter-bag, and as leisurely as on any ordinary occasion. He has reached the hall—

What selfishness on the part of Herbert—not a line! Armine persists in supposing him to be ill,—him, to whom the very word indisposition is unknown! The papers continue to give unfavourable accounts. Would to heaven I dared persuade Armine to order the carriage, and drive over to Southam Castle. Lord Southam may perhaps have private letters; but as there is no likelihood that they will contain accounts of her husband, I have no pretence for making the proposal.

Another sleepless night — another weary, lengthening day—and Armine persisting at such a moment in receiving morning visitors! — That odious Mr. Tollemache, who brought us the first sad tidings, has just been here. I would not see him, but my sister informs me that *his* papers of yesterday mention, in a second edition, a report of Lord Hartston's death, and of a change of ministry. That last word gives me hope. An opposition paper may have its motives for anticipating the sad event. I *will* not believe that all is over;—no, I will not believe it!

In spite of all my philosophy, all my attempts at self-controul, how incessantly during the last three days have I recurred, again and again, to every trivial particular of my acquaintance with this man—this man, whose fate so many reverential friends, whose fate the whole metropolis, the whole nation, unite to deplore! Had it not been for my own vain levity, I might perhaps have been his wife. But would that have preserved him from his direful destiny?—would it

have restored him to his friends and to his country?—Alas! no. It would but have endowed me with the valued privilege of soothing his last moments, of consecrating myself to his memory, and, perhaps, of having embellished with my devoted affection the few latest months of his existence. He once perilled his life for my sake—what, what would I not have done for its preservation!

At last, a letter from Herbert, but containing only a few incoherent lines, and of an unfavourable tendency. That I had but an excuse for setting off for London!

I have devised a method for obtaining the earliest and surest intelligence. Young George Forster, who is in his office, will see nothing objectionable in my solicitude for tidings of his benefactor; and I have accordingly requested him to write to me by every post, till Lord Hartston is out of danger;—*till*! when he is perhaps already no more.

Addresses of condolence have been voted both

by Parliament and the City of London, in token of respect to the sufferer; and the assassin Barnard is strongly guarded when brought up for examination, or the populace would tear him to pieces. But what consolation is there in all this? I am so weak—so feverish—that I have scarcely strength to open letters or papers. Armine's anxiety during Herbert's absence luckily prevents her from extending much notice to *me*, or she would be tormenting me to take advice. How will all this end? I am sick at heart! My self-command is altogether exhausted!

* * * *

—Five weeks have elapsed. In how different a spirit do I take my pen from that which compelled me to close my Diary! How happy I am to-day, yet with scarcely strength to indulge in my feelings of happiness. He is safe,—he is comparatively well,—he is coming here for change of air. Would that I could devise some pretext for quitting Trentwood previously to his

arrival, for my consciousness will certainly betray me. Herbert is, after all, the best creature in the world. On this occasion he has quite lost sight of himself ; he has never for a moment quitted his friend. Englishmen alone are capable of these strong brotherly attachments.

Lady Hartston was of course anxious that her son should remove at once to the Abbey. The medical attendants, however, would not hear of such an arrangement, and decided that the invalid must go where he would be secure from personal cares and personal excitement. *They*, stupid people, proposed Brighton,—hot, noisy Brighton ! But Herbert was luckily at hand ; and when he suggested Trentwood, and offered to accompany him thither by easy stages, Lord Hartston confessed himself delighted with the plan. They are to be here on Monday, and Armine has prepared a quiet cool suite of rooms on the ground floor, opening to a charming breakfast room hung with green, the very thing

for an invalid. There is a clump of beech trees on the lawn within a hundred paces from his windows, under which Lord Hartston will be able to take the air during this hot weather.

The Herberts have even persuaded the old lady to come and rejoin her son in Staffordshire, after a business fortnight at the Abbey. I shall contrive to get away before her arrival ; I really cannot overcome my awe of Lady Hartston.

— The tone of Lady Cecilia's letters almost puzzles me. She states that Lady Alicia's marriage with the Duke of Merioneth is all but declared—that he dines daily with the Clackmannans—that they are constantly at Hazelbank, where *she* is no longer invited. But, instead of indulging in her former invectives, Cecilia relates all this without a word of comment ! Nay, stranger still, in alluding to the horrible attempt upon the life of Lord Hartston, and the contemplated change of Ministry, coolly observes, “had this change indeed taken place,

it might have been a good thing for Clarence ! Had Sir Jenison's party come into power, a brilliant career would be opened for my son : " as if she had made up her mind to see him quietly resign Alicia, and betake himself to an official life. These excitable people are strangely inconsistent. It is impossible to calculate upon the effects which great events will produce upon their feelings. They are susceptible only about trifles.

In addition to these tidings, Lady Cis has favoured me with a piece of London news, which shocks more than it surprises me. About a month ago, when I was too deeply engrossed to notice the allusions of the newspapers, Mrs. Percy, it seems, eloped not *with* but *to* Lord Penrhyn, who makes no secret of his dissatisfaction at the event. Mrs. Percy is, however, too highly connected for her honour to be trifled with ; and, as his former devotion was a matter of notoriety, he must pay the forfeiture of his folly.

Mr. Percy has commenced proceedings against Lord P.; and, being one of those stupid animals who do as little evil as good, there can be no pretext for recrimination. Blind as he was in courting Penrhyn to his house, no one supposes his blindness to have been wilful; it was simply that of imbecility; in compensation of which qualification, he claims the sum of ten thousand pounds. Lord Penrhyn, meanwhile, must unite himself to a silly, ill-tempered, ill-conducted woman, of whose society he has long been weary.

— How idle it is to expect anything like rational sympathy from those beneath us! During our recent affliction, the servants in the house were loud in their lamentations, not over the public calamity that had occurred, but over the necessity for poor Sir Henry's absence, just as his house was beginning to be comfortable. This morning, too, I visited old Worgan's

cottage ; and, in reply to his inquiries after his benefactor, tried to make him sensible of the cause of his absence.

“ Yes,—he knew that a great parliament-man had been shot, and if it had been a score instead of one, the country, may-be, might have been none the worse. What call for setting up an outcry over one of them speechifying chaps, just as if fifteen or twenty thousand brave fellows were lying stiff and stark on a field of battle? ”

“ Lord Hartston,” I said, “ was one of the King’s ministers.”

“ Never heard tell that the nation was any the better for him ! Don’t see much use in King’s ministers, except to make taxes and fleece the poor. Wasn’t there plenty of people in Lunnun to take care of sick and wounded, without drawing Sir Henry Herbert (God bless him !) out of his comfortable home and away from his family ? Be bound, one of the King’s ministers, or the whole pack of ’em together,

ben't worth the weight of Sir Henry Herbert's little finger."

I shall send Armine to visit the old Corporal. I have no patience with the narrowness of his notions; while *she* will doubtless reverence his discernment!

Sunday.—During the last week the weather has been sultry. This evening, however, we have had a tremendous thunderstorm, which has cleared the air, and rendered the atmosphere fresh and delicious. To-night the travellers sleep within thirty miles of us; to-morrow they will be at Trentwood. I dread, yet long for their arrival!

Monday.—They are here—*safe*. He is better far than I expected. I could not persuade Armine that all bustle ought to be spared the invalid. She *would* let the children crowd with her to the hall door, to receive their father. I remained in the drawing-room; and, while Herbert was embracing his family in the hall,

Lord Hartston entered alone. He walked slowly up to me, took me by both hands, looked earnestly into my face, and sat down without a syllable ; while I was too much overpowered by his mode of greeting, to utter one word of welcome.

Lord Hartston is miserably altered ; severely, indeed, must he have suffered to be thus reduced. Yet the physicians assure Herbert that there is no further cause for alarm ; that his constitution has received no material injury from the shock ; that, with care and quiet, a few months will suffice to restore him. He ought certainly to resign office. Herbert and his other friends ought strenuously to advise him to resign office. But most unfortunately, his Majesty, who visited him in person previously to his leaving town, made it an earnest request that he would neither occupy himself with public business till the meeting of parliament ; nor decide, till then, upon his future plans. The King, they say,

was much affected by the interview. He paid also a visit of congratulation to Lady Hartston.

Tuesday.—Isabella and Lord Southam have been here; but judiciously and kindly abstained from seeing the invalid: they came only as a mark of respect. While Herbert was relating to Lord S. the sufferings undergone by their friend during the extraction of the ball, and describing the mildness and patience of Lord Hartston throughout his illness, I saw the tears standing in their eyes. How I love this weakness on the part of two men of such manly natures! I am not surprised that Armine and Isabella are so strongly attached to their husbands.

Wednesday.—I have been trying to persuade the Herberts that I ought to join Lady Cecilia at Wardencliff, at a time she is experiencing so much vexation; but they will not hear of it. Sir Henry protests it would be most unkind of me to quit my sister now his whole attention is

engrossed by his friend. There is no possibility of escape.

* * * *

August 29th.—The mornings are now too hot to admit of riding, driving, or even sauntering in the shrubberies. Yet Sir Henry continues to busy himself with his woods and farm; while Armine, who has just got a German governess for the little boys, passes her whole time in the school-room, to ascertain the merits of her system. They treat me with very little ceremony; for the task of entertaining the invalid has by these means been left almost entirely upon my hands. My sister invariably addresses me after breakfast, in Lord Hartston's presence, with "I must trust to *you*, dear Harriet, not to leave our friend alone. Just now I am so arduously occupied with Mrs. Arnstein, that it is out of my power to read to him or be his amanuensis. You, who are an idle woman, will kindly supply my place. Bring your work here, or the volume of De Jocqueville you began

yesterday ; and do not let Lord Hartston tire himself with talking." And thus I am peremptorily installed companion to Herbert's friend ! They ought not to have invited him to Trentwood, unless they intended to pay him more attention.

There *is* some compensation, however, in perceiving how rapidly Lord Hartston is regaining his strength and spirits. He is beginning to enjoy himself as much as any of us. Yesterday afternoon, being cloudy and cool, we drove over in the open carriage to Southam Castle ; and the preceding evening, while Sir Henry and my sister were riding together, we took a long stroll, accompanied by little Montresor, in the park. I ought not, however, to be made thus responsible for the proceedings of the invalid ; for, should he suffer from these exertions, *I* only shall be blamed.

I can no longer understand how I ever came to fancy myself in awe of this man. Never did I meet with a disposition so mild, so indulgent,

so prone to favourable interpretation of the motives of others, or so diffident of his own. He could not be more sensible to the testimonials of interest recently bestowed on him by the nation, had his life been as useless and his position as obscure as that of a Sir Jenison Delaval or a Sir Robert Mardynville. All that he is, all that he has done, passes for less than nothing in his estimation. Heaven spare his life to realise the noble and patriotic projects still brightening his views for the public welfare ! Lady Hartston arrives in a day or two, and will release me from my attendance. On the whole, I could dispense with her presence, for though I shall rejoice at recovering the command of my time, I cannot help fearing that the old lady will impose a restraint upon our family circle. At present we are very merry. Sir Henry and his wife are, and have reason to be, in the highest spirits; and I am positively surprised at the *gaieté de cœur* which, forming a most unsuspected part of Lord H.'s character, exhibits itself now

that he is released from the cares of office. This morning, we have been laughing heartily together over the presentation copy of Miss Wilhelmina Vinicombe's "Sketches in prose and worse." The way in which she has amplified our adventures between Calais and Coblenz, by the aid of her numberless epithets and the flights of her imagination, is perfectly astonishing. The scene at Laach (literally as prosaic as a German supper and beds could make it) figures between sonnet and sonnet in her pages, in a style to do honour to the Castle of Otranto or Anne Radcliffe's romances. Lord Hartston, says she, belongs to the arabesque school—all flourish about nothing. Luckily enough, the florid style in which she describes me and my proceedings will never lead the world to suspect poor insignificant Mrs. Delaval in "that lovely and accomplished friend whom I accompanied from the brilliant haunts of the fashionable world to the more picturesque districts of the continent."

— I know not whether it was in associating with such people as the Farringtons and his other Bedfordshire worthies, but, by some means or other, Sir Henry Herbert has contracted an odious habit of *persiflage*, or rather of vulgar quizzing, to *me*, perfectly insupportable. For the last week I have noticed myself to be the object of significant looks and insinuations on his part, far from well-bred, and as far from agreeable. Yesterday I ventured a serious re-monstrance on the subject with my sister, and from something I extracted from her, strongly suspect, and greatly fear, that my unguarded correspondence with George Forster is no secret in the family. Not from wilful indiscretion on the part of the young man, but in his zeal to ensure the safe arrival of the letters to which I seemed to attach so much importance, he caused them to be franked by the *chef de bureau* of Lord Hartston's office; and on one occasion, when Herbert was in conversation with this gentleman, who is his intimate acquaintance, a

letter addressed to Trentwood lying on the desk attracted my brother-in-law's notice, and drew forth the history of Forster's daily despatches. The young man might certainly be supposed to have maintained a correspondence with me on business of some other nature ; but Herbert's smiles convince me he has guessed the truth, and I have been obliged frankly to explain to my sister that any further reference to the subject will drive me away from Trentwood. I thought my brother-in-law had more tact.

— Lady Hartston arrived to-day in time for dinner, and I was absolutely startled by the change in her manners and appearance. The old lady is in such high spirits, that it seems as if her son's danger and recovery had rendered her, for the first time, sensible of his value. She embraced Armine, and afterwards, to my surprise, included me in the same ceremony ; she has laid aside her mourning, and makes her appearance at Trentwood attired like the rest of

the world. She is much gratified by the change which country air has wrought in Lord Hartston's appearance, and finds him looking far better than she expected.

This evening, while she was taking coffee with my sister before the arrival of the gentlemen, I walked across the lawn to the conservatory to admire a night-blowing Cereus, and, on returning, rather sooner perhaps than they expected, overheard the old Lady observe to Armine—"In my opinion they are more deliberate than there is any occasion for. I stayed a week longer than I wished at the Abbey, purposely to give Eustace time to settle it all before my arrival. When two people of *their* time of life are seriously and mutually attached, why not own it at once, and be happy?"

This *must* have been said in allusion to Lord Hartston and myself. I shall quit Trentwood without further delay.

— From breakfast-time, contrary to my

usual custom, I passed this morning in my own room, on pretence of letters to write. There can be no further occasion for me to devote my time to a person who has now his own family on the spot; and the Herberts have scarcely acted fairly in placing me hitherto in a position liable, I find, to such unkind interpretation; but, profoundly as they are occupied with each other, my sister and brother-in-law have no consideration for the feelings of any other human being.

— Interrupted by Lady Hartston, who, Heaven knows why, chose to pay me a visit in my dressing-room, though sure of meeting me presently at dinner. She came, I fancy, to enlarge upon her obligations for the kindness I have shown her son during his convalescence, and with a degree of warmth I had scarcely expected from her. I replied as coldly as I could, and in the course of conversation gave her to understand that, next week, I should be at Wardencliffe with the Delavals. She appeared

surprised and vexed, for her own visit to Trentwood will probably be of much longer duration.

* * * * *

— After so many contrarities, so many difficulties, can it be possible that all is so easily settled at the last? *Must* I admit to myself that he had only to propose and be accepted—that he *has* proposed and been accepted—that I am, in short, pledged heart and hand to become the wife of Lord Hartston? The wife—*again* a wife!—but oh! under what different omens from those which waited upon my first wilful engagement!—Every one congratulates me as the most fortunate of human beings; and my inmost soul tells me that I am so. For more than a year did his better judgment resist the passion which, from the first moment of our meeting, attached him to the giddy Harriet; but *now*, approval and preference go together. He has studied

my character ; he pretends to see that the faults he had once the audacity to discover, were merely superficial ; he *now* decides me to be perfection—the all he ever prayed for in a wife. At present, I have made no confessions in return ; but, discerning as he is, may he not have guessed the truth—that my heart has been long and wholly his ?

Dear Lady Hartston was, after all, the means of promoting a perfect understanding between us. How fortunate that she made up her mind to come to Trentwood ! We might have spent the whole autumn together in doubts and misgivings, but for her active interposition. She, too, declares herself to be the happiest of mothers, her utmost desires being fulfilled. The Herberts are enchanted ;—my kind friend Isabella perfectly approves ;—I seem to have engaged myself to the man of my choice, only to impart pleasure to my friends.

Lady Hartston insists that the marriage shall take place next month, in order that our ar-

rangements may not be broken in upon by the meeting of Parliament. She fancies herself in a great hurry to become a dowager, and settle in Northamptonshire; and will probably succeed in having her own way, for all the world is on her side.

— I have so many letters to write, so many orders to give, so much to listen to from Eustace, so much to reply, that I scarcely find a moment's leisure for my journal. Another fortnight, and I relinquish the liberty which only, two years ago, I fancied so enviable a possession. The Herberts have obtained our promise that the marriage shall be solemnized at Trentwood. Lord Hartston owed it to the devoted attachment of his friend, to accede to Sir Henry's request. There is, in fact, no object in a visit to town for such a purpose. *Here*, in this dear, quiet, venerable village church, the vows from which I am to derive the happiness of my future life, will be pronounced, without pomp, show, or interruption.

— The time is drawing awfully near !— Wednesday in next week is assigned as the solemn day. I have already received from the benefactress of the Forsters, a handsome *trousseau* ordered for me by Cecilia ; and Hartston's new travelling carriage arrived last night. We have both outlived the age of caring for such trifles ; but the ceremonies of society must be respected.

Both Lady Hartston and her son have been honoured with highly flattering letters from the King. Every distinction that merit can command, do they receive on all sides. Am I not *too* fortunate in connecting myself with those whose excellence is so universally acknowledged ?

I have just received from the Duke of Merioneth, who is of course still ignorant of the revolution in my own destinies, the kindest letter, announcing his approaching marriage with Lady Alicia Spottiswoode, and expressing their mutual desire and hope to number me among the most intimate of their friends. Alicia does not, however,

add a postscript to this flattering epistle; I fancy she would feel a little embarrassed to address me on such a subject, after her breach of faith towards poor Clarence. Herbert, who was privy to my cousin's engagement, is scandalized by the whole proceeding. "But what could this Duke expect better," he says, "in marrying the daughter of so worldly a woman as Lady Clackmannan, a girl educated without principles save those of convention and etiquette?" It is vain for me to assure him that Alicia is gentle-tempered and simple-hearted. "Commend me," is his reply, "to the simplicity which has induced her to jilt the lover of her youth for a Duke with the revenue of a prince!"

By the way, I have discovered that there exists a personage at Trentwood almost as ill to please with my own marriage. Old Worgan is greatly dissatisfied that "Miss Harryet, that had the sense when a slip of a girl to give her hand to a brave sojer, should think of demeaning herself

by a second match with a lord that has never seed a day's service, nor smelt powder except in a charge on the pheasants and partridges." I must pay him a visit of conciliation, or I shall be quite out of the poor old man's good graces.

How kindly thought of on the part of my brother and sister ! Without saying a word to me on the subject, they engaged the Delavals to be present at my wedding. Sir Henry even invited my good brother-in-law from the Castle ; but William, who is suffering from one of his periodical attacks of gout, has satisfied himself with sending, in his stead, a magnificent set of opals, which Lady Cecilia was commissioned to procure for him in town, as a token of brotherly esteem. Most unexpectedly to *me*, the Delavals arrived this evening ; Cecilia radiant with joy and kindness. She assures me, that nothing but my marriage—a marriage which has her unqualified approval—would have induced her to quit Wardencliffe just now.

“ I suppose, my dear Harriet, you have seen in the papers an account of the splendid rejoicings at Clackmannan Court ? ” said she, after exhausting her inquiries relative to my own affairs, as we sat together in her dressing-room, before dinner.

“ They appear to have been truly magnificent, worthy in every respect a marriage so distinguished.”

“ My sister was indelicate enough to invite us to join the family party: as if I were likely to be gratified by the sight of their beacon fires and triumphal arches ! ”

“ The Marchioness thought right to pay you a compliment, which she doubtless knew you would decline.”

“ As if I had not derived sufficient mortification during the last ten days before I left London, from witnessing the preparations for Lady Alicia Spottiswoode's *trousseau* ; jewellers, mantua-makers, milliners, *lingères*, whichever way

one turned, nothing was to be heard of but the wedding-clothes of the Duchess of Merioneth. One would suppose no one had ever been married before!"

Few persons at once so distinguished, and forming so distinguished an alliance. A marriage between a beauty and an heiress and the richest Duke (with the exception of the Duke of Devonshire) in the kingdom, was enough to excuse some extraordinary display."

"Ah! it is all very well. I only hope they may be happy!"

"Have you heard lately from Clarence?" I ventured to inquire, half afraid of wounding her feelings.

"Oh! dont talk to me of Clarence; I have no patience to hear the name of Clarence."

"I trust he has borne his disappointment with fortitude, or, perhaps, I should say with spirit."

"Fortitude?—Spirit?—I all his own doing,

all his own fault. You have been so occupied lately with your own affairs, that I suspect you have heard nothing about my son."

"Not a syllable."

"Well, well, you will find plenty of good-natured friends of ours to tell you the story, so perhaps I had better relate it at once. I recollect old Lady Burlington, and two or three others equally well versed in the perversity of human nature, saying, when they heard of my sister's and Sir Jenison's objections to a match between Clarence and Alicia, 'Why don't the families sanction an engagement between the young people, and they will themselves be the first to break it?'—and so it has proved."

"Do you mean that Clarence has followed Lady Alicia's example of fickleness?"

"My dear child; he was the first to lead the way. You may have heard how dissipated are the habits of Vienna? Scarcely had Clarence arrived there, when he formed an attachment—a *liaison*—a (what shall I decently call it?) with

some odious German countess, one of those mischievous coquettes of a certain age, always on the watch to entangle boys like Clarence, idle and fashionable, like all the young *attachés* of all the Courts in Europe."

"And the Clackmannans heard of this connexion, perhaps, even sooner than yourself?"

"Of course they did. They had spies upon the watch to acquaint them with every little fault and folly committed by my son, in order to poison Alicia's mind against him by the recital. This act of infidelity I admit, however, to have been a serious error; for the foolish people thought fit to commit themselves so publicly, that the lady was requested by the Empress to withdraw from court; while Clarence has been despatched by the ambassador to Toplitz, to be out of the way—a measure which I take most unkindly of Sir Frederick, for the woman is a Lutheran, has been divorced once, and will think nothing of going through the ceremony again; and, if she should rejoin

Clarence in Prussia, what will become of us? Already I have managed to get my son recalled, and we are trying to have him appointed to the mission at Washington."

"Poor Clarence!"

"Oh! pray do not waste your pity on one so ungrateful for all that has been done for him!—But it is my sister Clackmannan's fault! Had she allowed them to marry at once—"

"Her daughter would never have become Duchess of Merioneth."

"No, indeed; she has her reward. Her manœuvres have, as usual, succeeded. Well! Alicia is a darling girl, and will do credit to her new honours. Clarence did not deserve her. I admit, that she was too good for Clarence, faithless and unprincipled as he has proved. It will serve him right, if he finds himself obliged to marry Countess Starowicz. But let us talk no more of him. I am come to Trentwood to be happy, and to think only of *you*."

In the course of the evening, however, she not only resumed the subject, but actually kept me gossiping in a corner apart from the rest of the party, describing the beauty and accomplishments of the Countess Starowicz, and telling me that our friend Szchazoklwonoki, who is the lady's cousin, declares her to be the most fascinating woman in Europe. In short, poor Cecilia is beginning to be almost as much in love with her son's unknown idol as she used to be with Lady Alicia. If Clarence should continue his career at the rate he has commenced, my poor friend will have worn her heart to tatters, before he attains the age of thirty. No doubt we shall soon hear of him at the feet of some belle of the Broadway.

I inquired of Cecilia whether Sir Jenison seemed very angry with his son ; and she protests that son, wife, and kindred are just now a matter of total indifference to him ; he and Sir Robert Mardynville being in daily, hourly,

half-hourly correspondence, touching the degraded social position of that army of martyrs the Baronets, who fancy themselves suffering under the innovations of their subs, the Knights. Her assertion was soon verified by a long and stormy argument between her husband and my brother-in-law ; Sir Jenison having consulted Herbert touching the invention of a badge for their injured order ; and Herbert protesting they might make it a tinder-box, for any interest he felt in the subject. “ A man of ancient family,” said he, “ is above being ennobled by such distinctions ; and a *parvenu* is below it. Titular distinctions, unconnected with the constitutional legislature, are in *my* opinion ridiculous.”

If Sir Jenison should but record this opinion, in his next communication to the Mardynvilles, what will they think of the degeneracy of Trentwood !

Sir Jenison, meanwhile, has exhibited, in other respects, a degree of spirit worthy the ancient dignities of the *Equites aurati*. He insists upon

restoring to me my deed of settlement assigning to him a sum of money in trust for the benefit of his son, which he protests was made out solely in contemplation of a marriage between Clarence and Lady Alicia. Neither Lord Hartston nor myself, however, will hear of accepting it; and it shall remain lodged in the hands of Sir Jenison's banker, till some critical moment arrives for applying it for the benefit of my cousin. By the way, Lady Cecilia informs me, that the *on dits* of Crockford's announce a marriage between George Hanton and old Miss Randall, who, by her speculations in the funds, is supposed to have realized a fortune of half a million.

Lady Maria de Rawdon has enclosed me an epithalamium, indited in honour of my nuptials by the fair Wilhelmina. George and Caroline Forster send me six lines of grateful respectful prose, worth volumes of such verse. None of my friends seem to have forgotten me.

* * * * *

Tuesday.—To-morrow! The Southams, the Delavals, my brother and sister, *my mother*, will alone be present at the ceremonial:—my own friends—my own family. Yet I tremble!

* * * * *

EXTRACT FROM THE MORNING POST.

“MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

“On Wednesday, the 22nd, at Trentwood, in Staffordshire, by the Rev. Isaac Smith, the Right Hon. Lord Hartston, to Harriet Amelia Delaval, eldest daughter of the late Lieut. General Sir Richard Montresor, K. B.”

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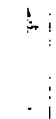
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